

AMERICA

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Cross-Currents in Uruguay

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Back From the Gates of Hell

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Buffer States: An Outworn Myth

Anicetas Simutis



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COURTINES**

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A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

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AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

JANUARY 8, 1944

THIS WEEK

COMMENT ON THE WEEK.....	365
Underscorings	367
The Nation at War.....Col. Conrad H. Lanza	368
Washington Front.....Charles Lucey	368

ARTICLES

The Pope, Again a Prisoner, Asks Justice in Victory.....John LaFarge	369
State Labor Legislation and Proposed Federal Help.....Godfrey P. Schmidt	371
Cross-Currents in Uruguay.....Peter M. Dunne	373
Back from the Gates of Hell.....Lester Luther	375
Buffer-States: A Worn-Out Myth	376

EDITORIALS

Promises to Peter: 1943 . . . The President's Speech . . . Government and Business . . . Labor Crisis . . . Marriage Manuals.	378
---	-----

LITERATURE AND ARTS.....

Tenets for Reviewers: IV....Harold C. Gardiner	381
--	-----

BOOKSREVIEWED BY

ClemenceauPierre Courtines	383
Life Together.....Joseph S. Duhamel	
This Is My Brother.....Marjorie Holligan	

THEATRE..... FILMSPARADE

CORRESPONDENCETHE WORD	391
------------------------------	-----

WHO'S WHO

JOHN LAFARGE reviews and interprets the Christmas message of the Pope, with special notice of the fact that, although a virtual prisoner, the Holy Father this year speaks with the same broad charity and moral force as ever. Father LaFarge is Executive Editor of AMERICA. . . . GODFREY P. SCHMIDT brings wide practical experience and philosophic training to his analysis of the danger in the proposed nationalization of labor laws. Mr. Schmidt, now Deputy Industrial Commissioner of the New York State Department of Labor, is a lawyer and has been a lecturer in the Fordham School of Social Service. . . . REV. PETER M. DUNNE, S.J., who is spending his sabbatical year away from the University of San Francisco by making a first-hand study of our Good Neighbors, reports on his experiences in Uruguay—the friendly atmosphere and the flies in the ointment. . . . LESTER LUTHER was educated in Catholic schools of Milwaukee, his home town. Although home from the wars in body, because of illness, Mr. Luther is constantly with his service companions in spirit, as his plea demonstrates. In the meantime he has written a book, *Lives of a Yankee Doughboy*, which he hopes to publish. . . . ANICETAS SIMUTIS, author of *The Economic Reconstruction of Lithuania After 1918* (Columbia U. Press, 1942) and attaché of the Consulate General of Lithuania in New York since 1936, dissects the meaning of the phrase "buffer states." . . . HAROLD C. GARDINER, Literary Editor, continues the *Tenets for Reviewers* series, begun in the issue of November 20, 1943. This fourth instalment discusses what legitimate role of teacher the fiction writer can be expected to play.

COMMENT ON THE WEEK

Co-ops in Quebec. At the recently held fifth Quebec Conference on Cooperatives, Gérard Filion, Secretary-General of the Catholic Farmers' Union (U.C.C.), presented a remarkable "inventory" of the growth of cooperatives in the Province of Quebec since 1930. The figures, according to *La Terre de Chez Nous*, of Ottawa, were as follows:

	1930	1943
Farm cooperatives	75	500
Credit Unions	125	737
Consumer Cooperatives	0	125
Fire-insurance mutuals	175	305
Fishermen Syndicates	0	16

These figures, said Mr. Filion, are far from giving an adequate idea of the real growth of the cooperative movement and the cooperative spirit in the Province. The timeliness of the movement was stressed by another speaker, F. A. Anger, professor in the Ecole des Hautes Etudes Commerciales. Quebec, contrary to a prevalent idea in this country, is now sixty per cent industrial. Professor Anger saw the cooperatives as a principal means to protect the country against the ever-increasing inroads of capitalism, and to secure a more equitable distribution of the wealth and resources of the Province. Cyril Vaillancourt, General Director of the French-Canadian Credit Union Federation, was impressed by the importance laid upon cooperatives at the Food Conference in Hot Springs and the UNRRA meetings in Atlantic City. All of which are indications that the cooperative movement is securely weathering the storms of the war.

Russian Agriculture. How much has Russia in the way of reserves to fall back upon in the event of a serious food shortage? Lazar Volin writes in the *Russian Review* for Autumn, 1943, that "the question of reserves, which means essentially grain stocks, is as important as it is obscure. No official information on the subject has been published either before or after the war began." The fact that the Soviet Government has been long preparing for war would seem to argue the presence of such reserves. On the other hand, the Nazis have not claimed to find any large amount of grain in the invaded regions. "The whole subject," concludes Dr. Volin, "is a moot one, and probably the safest conclusion is not to look for too much alleviation of the difficult food position from this direction after two years of war and scorching." The same author, however, has no doubt as to the non-existence of any major changes to date in Russian agrarian policy itself:

For whatever changes took place in Soviet Russia since the beginning of the war, there has been no significant relaxation of the collectivist agrarian policy. . . . That the Kremlin expects to continue along the same lines is made clear by a decree published in the Soviet press on August 22, 1943, on the rehabilitation of the devastated areas.

This is one important area which has not shared in the general trend away from the original Communist Revolution. Whether agriculture will also follow suit is a matter only the future can reveal.

National Communism. Borrowing an asbestos suit from Cousin Bill, who has just returned from carrier service in the Pacific, we ventured on a special interview with Satan, and learned that he has a new plan to his credit. Like all of Satan's plans, it will bear watching and will have more to it than appears on the surface. Quite obligingly, Satan drew our attention to some observations concerning Italy by Henry J. Taylor in the *New York World-Telegram* for December 28, on the subject of "national Communism." This is coming to be the program, according to Mr. Taylor, in the regime of the new "Republic" set up by Mussolini, under Nazi auspices, in the north of Italy. The plan, in Mr. Taylor's calculation, can be endowed with a powerful patriotic appeal to the Italians against the United Nations; it is acceptable to the Germans as it leaves the door open to a possible future rapprochement with the Russians, while it contains a subtle bid to the patronage of the Russians themselves. Hitler's and Goebbels' diatribes, it will be noticed, are all directed against "Bolshevism," not against "Communism." (The Russians, incidentally, denounce Germans, "Fascists" and "Hitlerites," but never mention Nazis or National Socialism.) Since Socialism has been rigged to run with a high-powered nationalist motor, why not Communism? And if so for the Italian "Republic," why not for other countries? Is extreme nationalism or jingo-patriotism necessarily at death-grips with Communism? Here is a matter for ideology pundits to explore, lest Satan catch us napping.

Mexican News. Unreported in this country was the strikingly bold speech of President Manuel Avila Camacho in the Mexican Senate on December 20. "At the time of my taking office," the President said, "they asked me for the dissolution of the Communist Party, and I refused because there was no law authorizing me to do so, since in a democratic country such as Mexico, all have a right to their ideas." Continuing, he remarked: "Now I am being asked to dissolve the National Action Party and the National Sinarchist Union, and I have replied in the same manner, negatively." The only way to remedy the fanatical spirit behind these emotional demands, he went on, is to educate the people and afford them a fairer chance in life. Such talk, and forthright courage, is a novelty in Mexican official life, where the idea of "natural rights," to be respected by every man, has rarely gotten beyond the limits of academic halls. Despite the recent crowding aside of soldier attendance at re-

ligious services, there is something very hopeful in the President's strong stand for the dignity of the human person in Mexican affairs.

Greek Catholics. Something ought to be said about the use of the term "Greek Catholics," and this would seem to be about as good a time to do so as any other. No bones are broken, no grave scandal is given, by inaccuracies in the naming of different religious bodies, but some headaches are caused and the "Religion Departments" of some of our popular periodicals become cluttered up with queries and corrections. You hear it said that the Russian Christians are "Greek Catholics"; also that the (united) Ukrainians or Ruthenians are "Greek Catholics." The term is confusing and ambiguous, and it is a good New Year's resolution to avoid it altogether. The terms widely accepted by theologians, Catholic and Orthodox alike, are as follows. *Orthodox of the Greek* (or Byzantine) *Rite*, for persons of that rite who do not acknowledge the jurisdiction of the Holy See—such as the Russian Orthodox, the Orthodox of Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Greece, etc. (The rite may be celebrated in Greek itself, as in Greece proper, or in Slavonic or other languages.) *Catholics of the Greek* (or Byzantine) *Rite*: for members of the same rite who are united with the Holy See. (These, again, celebrate their rite in different tongues, according to nationality.) Since "Byzantine" expresses the origin, rather than the language of the Rite, it is less open to misunderstanding than "Greek." If "Greek Catholic" is to be used at all, it would seem to apply to Greeks (people of Hellas), who are Catholics—whatever the Rite.

Brotherhoods and FEPC. The prognosis for America's racial and religious minorities is bad, and "postwar riot, revolt and bloodshed are in the cards," if the contest for non-discrimination in employment or union membership is lost that is being carried on by the President's Committee on Fair Employment Practice. Reviewing the Committee's recent hearings on the Negro railwaymen who have been denied employment by certain railroads and membership by certain Brotherhoods, Winifred Raushenbush, in the *Survey-Graphic* for December, 1943, expresses that opinion, and shows how contrary to the truth is the picture built up in the public mind. This picture represents the Negroes—who were simply seeking to retain their traditional occupations—as innovators and quasi-revolutionaries. The Negroes, in point of fact, emphasized the harmony they had experienced with the older generation of white union members. "All older engineers," said B. W. Steele, a Negro fireman on the Louisville and Nashville, "are very considerate. They are very pious and favorable to us." Notes Miss Raushenbush:

Ed Jackson, a Negro fireman on the Southern railroad, said he had worked thirty-three years and never had an argument with a white man. Ed Sullivan, a Negro fireman on the Seaboard Air Line, described how the white engineer for whom he had fired twenty-one years, backed up his protest at being "rolled" [discharged] when a Diesel was put on

the run. As a climax, a white engineer on the Central of Georgia, George M. Bruce, Jr., told how he had been demoted as a main-line engineer for refusing to "roll" a senior Negro fireman.

The threatened railroad strike has just caused some unpleasant, and often unfair, accusations to be leveled against the railway Brotherhoods. In the face of these charges, they have had to stand firmly on their record of loyalty and conservatism. It will be greatly to their own interests, as well as to the interests of the general manpower situation, if the Brotherhoods take the present opportunity to recall their best traditions of interracial justice, and extend a helping hand instead of a cold shoulder to the "rolled" Negro railwaymen.

Soldiers' Votes. This is another of those questions that are bedeviled by all sorts of incidental issues. The newspaper reader is surprised to find himself suddenly plunged into the question of social equality between whites and Negroes, when all he wanted to know was just how near the Congress is to passing a viable Act to ensure that the men and women of the Services will themselves be able to exercise the right which their sacrifices are securing for us stay-at-homes. At the moment, it seems that the several States will have to take the requisite action. The practicability of this course is seriously doubted by proponents of Federal action. The Supreme Court in *Ex parte* Yarbrough, in the year 1884, declared:

That a Government whose essential character is republican, whose executive head and legislative body are both elective . . . has no power to secure this election from the influence of violence, of corruption and of fraud is a proposition so startling as to arrest attention and demand the gravest consideration.

There is no question, of course, of violence or fraud in the present instance. But there is a question of the possible disenfranchisement of several millions of voters; of enough voters to swing any election any way. That in our democracy an election could be held to the exclusion of so many is in itself "a proposition so startling as to arrest attention and demand the gravest consideration." It would scarcely do, however, to have the coming Presidential and Congressional elections rest upon a compromise of doubtful constitutionality. Senator O'Mahoney, of Wyoming, offers to cut the Gordian knot with an amendment to the Constitution—a proposition worth considering. Whatever be their solution, our statesmen would do well to heed the warning uttered by the President in his Christmas Eve broadcast, that we had better be sure that when our fighting men come home they find a Government which they have had their rightful share in electing.

For Buzzing Yankee Stadium. At the time it seemed cruel and unusual—the punishment that was threatened for the young pilots of the heavy bomber who repeatedly flew low over the World Series game in Yankee Stadium, frightened some seventy thousand fans, and aroused the classic wrath of Mayor LaGuardia. Their heads, in a manner of speaking (they were to be stripped of their

rank and grounded for the duration), were to be the price of their folly. For the action was in violation of a direct order of competent authority and, aside from endangering the lives of a few thousand civilians (who don't count), or of a crew of trained men (who count a little more), it endangered the plane itself, which is of more "value" than them all. "If those lads were over here they would know just how important that plane is," concludes this voice from the Eighth Air Force. In war time the price of everything goes up, only human lives become cheaper. Whatever may have befallen those young flyers since their court-martial, this much is certain—that the youthful spirit of venturesomeness that was operating over Yankee Stadium last fall is the same spirit that is driving our pilots through bitter ack-ack over Berlin. And maybe those young pilots are doing that this very minute.

Spur to Writers. The growth of Catholic publishing in the United States is a phenomenon whose deep influence has, perhaps, not been sufficiently remarked. Now comes a further step in that field which ought to augur another qualitative cubit added to the stature of Catholic writers. The Bruce Publishing Company and *Extension* magazine announce a joint first prize-novel competition, with a substantial cash award, serialization rights and royalty on the published book. It is open to any citizen of the United States and Canada over twenty years of age; the theme need not be religious, but must be interpreted according to sound Catholic principles. The contest closes May 31, 1944. May we hope that the winner will be an AMERICA reader? It may even be one (who knows? all things are possible!) who was urged by perusal of *Tenets for Reviewers* to write, at long and desired last, that "great Catholic novel."

Praising Chesterton. There came through the mail the other day a bit of publicity which apparently is being distributed quite freely to Catholic editors. It contained an enthusiastic praise of Chesterton by a non-Catholic, in the form of a review of Maisie Ward's recent biography of G. K. C. There was a curious qualification about the enthusiasm, viz. that the biography carries far too heavy a "cargo" of Catholicism. This is an element in Chesterton which the reviewer seems to find distasteful. Where he does commend Chesterton it is for being a complete individualist. The writer makes plain that his sense of individualism is the sense of Herbert Spencer, in the *The Man vs. the State*; and in the mood of avowed devotees of Herbert Spencer, he remarks, "I caught the spirit of Chesterton and all the good old tough-minded boys who throughout English history have been like him, and have got results." It would be interesting if we could hear Mr. Chesterton's own comment upon such a pagan interpretation of his mild, genial and thoroughly Christian and Catholic personalism. It is more than likely it would contain a vigorously Chestertonian hint that such attempts to capture a great name for sheer economic individualism are a distortion of truth, a disservice to liberty.

UNDERSCORINGS

AN article in the *Journal Soir* of Algiers, on December 20, asks that the Mediterranean Commission submit the Lateran Treaty to world opinion, with a view toward revision involving wider boundaries and international guarantees. The story is given out without comment by the N.C.W.C. *News Service*. Obviously only the Holy Father himself is competent to raise this question authoritatively.

► Special religious programs were broadcast on Christmas Eve over the Moscow and Leningrad radios for listeners in the Baltic States.

► Japanese occupation authorities in the Philippines, according to *Religious News Service*, have instructed "ministers and priests" to preach the "basic ideas and philosophy of the Japanese new order in East Asia."

► Figures published in the *Protestant Voice* of Fort Wayne note the attainment of 50.3 per cent church membership in the United States, representing the enrollment of 67,327,719 persons.

► Statistics of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith "show that eighty to ninety per cent of our priests, nuns and brothers" in missions in the Orient, "have remained at their posts. This fact should be stressed, particularly as the impression has been created that repatriation of missionaries has been effected on a very large scale."

► Ralph McGill, editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, warns against the kleagles and a recrudescence of religious and racial intolerance, in a possible economic recession after the war.

► A Youth Counseling Service has been organized in the Archdiocese of New York, under the direction of an Archdiocesan Committee of clergy and laymen directly concerned with youth problems. It is a practical measure for coping with the current increase in juvenile delinquency, a fact characterized by Archbishop Spellman as "one of the most alarming trends in American life today."

► Former United States Senator from Louisiana, Joseph E. Ransdell, has given an entire city block in Lake Providence, La., to the pastor of Blessed Martin de Porres Church, "for the purpose of assisting in the establishment and maintenance in perpetuity of a school for colored people."

► On December 21, the Sisters of Mercy celebrated the hundredth anniversary of their work in United States.

► *The Mass Year: A Mass Guide for 1944* has just come off the press. It is an *ordo* for lay people and follows the arrangement of the Roman and Saint Andrew Daily Missals, to assist those attending the Mass in following the changing ritual. The booklet may be obtained from The Grail, Saint Meinrad, Ind.

► Hollywood reports a religious cycle now in the making. Every major studio has announced at least one religious picture for 1944, and one of them is producing four such films.

► A circular by the Mexican Secretary of State to local authorities orders the strict enforcement of all the anti-religious laws and forbids any exterior manifestation of worship.

THE NATION AT WAR

THIS column covers the week ending December 27. The appointment of General Eisenhower to command the combined Allied armies in the British Isles is the last step required before starting the invasion of north France or the Low Countries.

American, British and Canadian troops have been assembled and specially trained. The equipment has been provided, and the plans prepared.

It takes time to prepare the plans, which call for a high order of technical skill. Every landing craft and every unit has to be fitted to a time-table, so that each will arrive at an appointed place at exactly the right hour and minute, without interfering with any other craft or unit. It took 3,000 craft to invade Sicily. That was a small job compared to invading France.

Winter is not the best season for the invasion. Usually in north France it is wet, with nearly constant mists, fogs, fine rain or snow and low clouds. Intense cold and storms occur occasionally. There is little sunshine. In this kind of weather, planes cannot see what is happening on the ground. This of course affects both sides. However, as the Allied air force is superior to that of the Germans, the latter benefit the most, if neither air force is able to operate.

Notwithstanding the winter, the invasion may have to occur from now on. It will be more difficult; a greater number of casualties may result. To wait until spring or summer may make the invasion come too late. Both here and in England the people have been warned to expect a large casualty list.

The war continues in Russia. Two large-scale Russian offensives are under way. The northern one is headed toward Vitebsk, which is a German stronghold. It is making progress against strong opposition. The southern attack is west of Kiev, and is engaged in recapturing ground lost last month to a German offensive. It has not accomplished this entirely, but the battle is not yet over.

News from Japan is that the government offices in Tokyo have been moved out to scattered locations. Other large cities are being partly evacuated, and their industries moved to distant places. Japan, noting the bombing campaign against Germany, is arranging to have nothing specially worth while in her cities when bombs fall on them. She fully expects this to happen.

Bombing of Germany is proceeding in constantly increasing strength. Berlin and Frankfurt have been recently bombed, and it is believed that these cities are practically destroyed. The German people are taking their punishment, and so far show no signs of cracking.

The major fighting in Italy has been along the Adriatic coast. Since December 9, the British have been attacking the small town of Ortona, and have just about succeeded, making a twelve-mile advance in a month. In the mountains at the center of the front the advance in the same time has been about six miles. On the Tyrrhenian Sea side, there has been no advance. Italy is a difficult battleground.

COL. CONRAD A. LANZA

WASHINGTON FRONT

WISE heads here are beginning to be concerned lest, for lack of diligent care in this country and in Britain, these two nations which have fought side by side in this grim war may fall out in victory. Some aspects of the problem may be unpleasant, but with postwar cooperation between these countries so transcendently important, it would seem common sense to recognize them and try to meet them in time.

You can find the seeds of possible later dissension in many places. Already there are criticisms of the reported relative contributions of men to the prospective cross-Channel invasion forces. Objection to the way Lease-Lend is working is certain to be heard again. There is a feeling in some United States aviation circles that Britain will try to grab as many of the choice world air routes as she can when peace comes, and debates in Commons have shown some of the same suspicion of American objectives in England.

What is true in air commerce is manifest also in ocean shipping, with Britain in vigorous dissent from some American expressions of hope for a vastly expanded merchant marine when peace comes. And it is hardly a secret now that there have been some sharp disagreements between our military men and British high strategists.

It would seem far sounder to lay down bases of equitable policy on as many of these questions as possible, and then give the people a full and complete explanation of why such policies obtain, than to brush off criticism with charges of narrow isolationism or anti-British feeling. The likelihood is, though, that if adequate explanations of policy are denied those honestly concerned, partisan ammunition will be provided for others who are indeed motivated by isolationist or strong anti-British sentiment.

The American mother with a son in the cross-Channel invasion army will almost certainly feel better about it if she has been told why it necessary that a greater proportion of the invasion force be furnished by this country.

It is natural that United States surface-shipping and airline companies should seek to obtain a strong place in world commerce. International cooperation by no means outlaws keen competition. But competition can exist without the bitter commercial feuding which could develop between the industries of the United States and Britain, if there is not a fair and friendly agreement on world policy which will win the support of these industries in both countries.

The first energy of Washington and London must be used to win the war. But whatever progress is made today toward an understanding on present points of difference, and toward bringing an appreciation of the problems to the peoples of both countries, will mean less friction in the hoped-for more cooperative world of tomorrow. Some of the officials concerned here are hoping for the earliest possible consideration of these problems.

CHARLES LUCEY

THE POPE, AGAIN A PRISONER, ASKS JUSTICE IN VICTORY

JOHN LaFARGE

ON this last Christmas Eve the Holy Father spoke under different circumstances than those of the preceding year. They were tragic and dramatic. Last Christmas he spoke as a relatively free man, since he had communications with the outside world. True, he was in the midst of a belligerent nation and was separated from us by the boundaries of the Axis and the United Nations Powers; nevertheless, he spoke as one who had a juridic agreement with Italy which allowed him free personal communication with the Church in many parts of the United Nations. On the other hand, the prospects of an Axis victory then were brighter.

This year he speaks as a captive of a Power which would seek only his destruction, of a Power whose sentinels are pacing day and night before his very eyes within a stone's throw of his study. On the other hand, that Power is defeated and the Pope knows it is defeated. This knowledge is found in almost every phrase of his appeal, especially in the latter part of his address. Last year he spoke expressly to the whole world from an oasis of peace, for the immediate physical horrors of war had as yet not descended upon Rome or its environment, upon the mainland of Italy. This year he speaks chiefly to certain elements: to the sufferers, whom he consoles; to the charitable in the nations soon to be victorious, and to the governments of the victors themselves.

When the Pope spoke to the world on Christmas Eve in 1943, his was the sole voice to come from the vast millions behind the Axis barrier which could speak without censorship or supervision and which could speak freely to the entire globe. The language he uses shows a great consciousness of this unique position and a determination to cross the barrier and make his point to those who have, as he said, the future destiny of the world now in their hands. He insists upon the critical character of the present moment: "An hour like the present—so full of possibilities for vast beneficent progress no less than for fatal defects and blunders—has perhaps never been seen in the history of mankind."

The Pope is acutely conscious of the turning point in history, the opportunity to make an unspeakable blunder or to lay the foundations of a new world. "Take cognizance also," says the Pope, "of the unpleasant truths and teach your peoples to look them in the face with gravity and fortitude."

The Pope's attitude is thoroughly radical. It is radical in its analysis of the past and what must be broken with, and it is radical in its prescription for the future.

Looking at the past, the Pope sees the present crisis as marking a definite end to the whole theory of obtaining peace by mere economic adjustment.

The "world growth of commerce . . . the triumphal march of widely diffused modern technical perfection . . . economic life with all its gigantic contacts and wide ramifications, with its superabundant division and multiplication of labor . . ." has led only to an "unworthy and humiliating exploitation of the nature and personality of man, in a sad and terrifying want on one side contrasting with a proud and provoking opulence on the other, in a torturing, implacable divergence between the privileged and those who have nothing."

"The apostasy from the Divine Word" in the name of a mistaken science has led only to "a servitude more humiliating than ever before."

Considering the future, the Pope holds that the only thoroughly realistic program is one which relies primarily on moral force. He sets himself squarely against a whole area of much-publicized and highly influential postwar thinking when he insists, as one of the "unpleasant truths" that has to be assimilated, that "a true peace is not the mathematical result of a proportion of forces, but in its last and deepest meaning is a moral and juridical process."

Speaking over the Blue Network on Christmas Day, Archibald MacLeish, Librarian of Congress, asked a question and gave an answer which was in accord with the Pope's own language. "What do we mean by peace?" asked Mr. MacLeish:

Is the peace we mean the peace of those who used to tell us if we leave them alone they'll leave us alone; of those who used to tell us it takes two to make a war. . . . Is it this we mean when we talk about peace on this Christmas?

Or . . . is it the new peace that wise men are starting to talk about now that the war will be won? Is it the new peace of the hard-headed men who know what the score is; who know all the answers; the new peace of those who are learning to say that God helps those who help themselves; that God's on the side of the heavy battalions? Is it the peace of those who tell us the best treaty of peace is the biggest Navy; of those who say, if the oceans aren't wide enough, widen the oceans? . . . Our generation knows, as no generation before it has ever known that peace must be made.

Peace, then, must be "made," not merely ac-

cepted; real peace is a moral and juridical process.

The Pope has no illusion about the kind of peace that actually works. It should have as its "supreme purpose nothing less than the task of securing agreement and concord between the warring nations—an achievement which may leave with every nation, in the consciousness of its duty to unite with the rest of the family of states, the possibility of cooperating with dignity, without renouncing or destroying itself, in the great future task of recuperation and reconstruction."

The Holy Father does not evade the crucial question, which he has raised in some of his previous allocutions, of the use of force. "Naturally," he says, "the achievement of such a peace would not imply in any way the abandonment of necessary guarantees and sanctions in the event of any attempt to use force against right." These, he says, "are not in fact achieved without the employment of force, and its very existence needs the support of a normal measure of power. But the real function of this force, if it is to be morally correct, should consist in protecting and defending, and not in lessening or suppressing rights."

Hence, as the key to the whole question, he sees strict adherence to the principle of universality and impartiality, whether it be in the work of organization or the establishment of guarantees.

"Do not ask," he says, "from any member of the family of peoples, however small or weak, for that renunciation of substantial rights or vital necessities which you yourselves, if it were demanded from your people, would deem impracticable."

There is in this discourse little in substance that has not been said in some way before. In his previous allocutions—in 1939 and 1940, 1941 and 1942—the Holy Father outlined the principles of a just peace and urged always the same principles of supernatural charity which alone could make these principles efficacious. Here it is the emphasis, the sense of great urgency that counts, as well as the direct appeal to the tremendous responsibility of the victors. In this discourse as in his previous ones he shows his careful avoidance of two extremes.

On the one hand, the Pope avoids the humanitarian extreme which would look to natural human goodness and natural human reasonableness to achieve and put in practice the moral principles which are the basis of society. On the other, he avoids a forced supernaturalism which would place an impossible ideal as the very first requirement of any hope even of a temporary peace. Such an attitude would demand the conversion of the entire human race to Christ before any guarantees at all of right or justice could be attained. Here, as in his previous discourses, he shows a balance and a careful coordination of the two spheres: the integrity of natural justice; the saving power and regenerative force of supernatural charity.

The Pope's appeal to the moral law is not an appeal to an abstraction; it is not the appeal to a categorical "ought" which is imposed on humanity, a voice which speaks from a mountain-top and has no relation to our inner and intimate human affairs. His warning, therefore, against meeting hate

by hate is simply a warning to mankind that we cannot escape the consequences of our own nature, which will inevitably create new excuses and motivations for new injustices, as soon as any one nation, or race, or minority group, is made the scapegoat for the injustices of the past. "Give mankind," says the Pope, "thirsting for it, a peace that shall reinstate the human race in its own esteem and in that of history."

It cannot be too much emphasized that the Pope is speaking words of supreme common sense. His mind is cool, his vision is clear. In spite of the fact that tremendous emotional pressure is being placed upon him by the circumstances under which he is now struggling and the fact that he himself is struggling interiorly with tremendous emotion, he has no hesitation on the question. His mind, as we have said before, is centered on reconstruction. "The destruction and devastation which have followed it urgently demand work of reconstruction and relief to meet all the harm done." He is not appealing to humanity simply on general principles but also to prudence, the prudence of "free and enlightened minds." In the course of his address the following passage deserves a particularly careful study (*italics mine*):

The errors of the recent past are warnings for free and enlightened minds to which, for *reasons of prudence* as well as from a sense of humanity, they cannot remain deaf. They look upon the spiritual reconstruction and the material restoration of the peoples and states as an *organic whole*, in which nothing would be more fatal than to leave unhealed *centers of infection*, from which tomorrow disastrous consequences could again arise. They feel that in a *new organization of peace, of law and of labor*, the treatment of some nations in a manner contrary to justice, equity and prudence should not give rise to new dangers which would jeopardize its solidity or its stability.

The Pope does not specify "some nations" for the simple reason that in his mind undoubtedly he includes all nations to which these words in any way apply. The politicians will make their own selections—the nations which they wish to advocate or about which they are interested. They will make their own inclusions or omissions in which they are not interested. The Pope makes his own selection and no exclusions. He is interested in all and in the rights of all. It cannot be left out of sight, however, that when the Pope talks of the nations he is not talking merely of governments. He is talking of the peoples themselves. Those people may have a national government; in most cases they have, but in some instances he may be concerned about people who may not have a form of national government, either resident or in exile. There are certain peoples who are seeking federal autonomy; there are certain peoples who are seeking rights within established nations. There are certain peoples whose interests conflict with other peoples. All of these come under the Pope's purview. His only concern is that they should all be treated in accordance with justice, equity and prudence.

It will take us a long time to learn the full meaning of that expression "centers of infection." The Axis Powers and their sympathizers are beginning

to learn and will have a terrible lesson wreaked upon them. The Holy Father's appeal is addressed directly to the governments, but all of us can address them also to ourselves. There are centers of infection which are not merely of a national character, there are centers of infection which are local, right in our own neighborhood, and if we in our own neighborhood, in our neighborhood communities, clean up by the practice of charity and justice towards all groups and all peoples those "centers of infection," then we shall go very far

towards fulfilling on a local scale what the Pope is speaking for on a world scale.

We have, therefore, a twofold task, to acquaint ourselves with the principles that the Pope has established for the whole world and to put those principles into effect in our own immediate neighborhoods, our family contacts, our immediate surroundings. This is a solid program for the coming year. Let this be our Christmas present to that apostolic Captive for whose liberation we pray and with whose courage we are privileged to cooperate.

STATE LABOR LEGISLATION AND PROPOSED FEDERAL HELP

GODFREY P. SCHMIDT

NOW that Congress has tabled the plan for a federal subsidy for education, and while federal aid to newspapers is fresh in mind, it might be advisable to call attention to an analogous intrusion of Federal paternalism.

The House Committee on Labor, 78th Congress, in the first session, during June of 1943, conducted hearings on a bill (H-R 2,800) which was intended to establish "safe and healthful working conditions in industry," by Federal cooperation with State agencies administering labor laws. To achieve this aim the bill seeks to appropriate the sum of \$5,000,000 and to set up machinery enabling the Federal Government, through the United States Department of Labor, to aid State labor departments in the enforcement and administration of State laws. A member of the President's Cabinet (the Secretary of Labor) is permitted to allocate Federal monies to any State after consideration of five standards included in the bill itself, to wit:

- 1) "the population" of the State;
- 2) "the number of wage earners" therein;
- 3) "the special safety and health problems in industry";
- 4) "the number of workers afforded protection by the State law and the cost of proper and efficient administration of such law"; and
- 5) "the financial needs of the respective States."

The Secretary of Labor is given wide power to make rules and regulations, consistent with these standards, regarding the allocation of Federal monies to the States. Indeed any Federal monies paid to the States under the proposed statute would be expended solely upon certification by the Secretary of Labor under supplementary rules and regulations prescribed by him after consultation with a conference of the State and Territorial authorities administering labor laws. The real pur-

pose of the bill is to encourage joint safety and health plans developed by agreement between Federal and State officials. But the State authorities have no effective voice. The requirement as to consultation and conference can be as jejune for the State authorities as was Section 7 (b) of the NIRA for labor.

Finally, the bill gives the Secretary of Labor the right to appoint an Industrial Safety Commission of three members, representing respectively the public, the employers and the employees. The Commission is to be staffed with such experts as it needs for its own information and guidance. Its function is to recommend to the Federal Secretary of Labor "reasonable standards, methods and procedures for establishing safe working conditions in industry with a view to encouraging more effective control of hazardous conditions by the several States." An auxiliary staff, necessary for the discharge of duties imposed by the Act, would be appointed by the Secretary of Labor under the Federal Civil Service Law.

The Federal Department of Labor and officials of the departments in several States definitely favored the bill. They argued that labor-law administration is very uneven throughout the United States, largely because of the inadequacy of appropriations for enforcement voted by certain State legislatures. By Federal largess the niggardliness of such State appropriations could be supplemented, and thus State labor-department officials could, it is contended, do a better job of administration. Thereby the level of labor-law enforcement in the backward or impecunious States would be raised. Because the Secretary of Labor, within statutory standards, has the right to make rules and regulations (obedience to which is a condition precedent

to Federal aid), a certain minimal degree of essential uniformity in labor rules and regulations will be effected.

This, it is hoped, would redound to the benefit of employes and employers. Employes would be protected by better enforcement or by the extension of safety rules. Employers in the progressive States would not be put under the handicap of cost differentials (resulting from the expensive installation of safety devices, etc.) from which employers in the less progressive States are exempt.

It was urged that past experience with Federal and State cooperation, under Unemployment Insurance Laws and other measures affecting labor's welfare, has demonstrated the feasibility of this type of cooperative activity. The supporters of the bill claim that the efficiency of labor-law administration throughout the whole country will be increased by the allocation of Federal funds to regional problems which often exceed the financial abilities of the individual States in which those problems arise—such problems as: educational measures to help both management and labor in the handling of plant safety; consultation services for management and labor; organization of safety committees; uniform reporting of accidents; analysis of the cause of accidents, etc.

Despite these alleged advantages of such legislation, the International Association of Government Labor Officials, at its 28th convention recently held in Chicago, opposed the measure "unreservedly," and, I believe, rightly. One can concede the good will of the bill's proponents and the merit of some of their arguments, and at the same time realize that the bill itself is one of those mixed articles in which, whatever the elements of good, there are preponderating elements of evil.

The bill is one more in a rather long line of measures tending to centralize power in the Federal Government at the expense of State initiative.

Jefferson's ideals of decentralization and State autonomy, linked as they were with his defense of agriculture as the foundation of American social life, cannot, perhaps, be realized in the world of today. But there are thoughtful Americans who worry about the present trend toward consolidated power and authority in the National Government as much as Jefferson worried about the Louisiana Purchase without constitutional amendment, the proposal of a national bank, the Missouri question and other problems which, he thought, involved transgression of the Tenth Amendment. It is not surprising, therefore, that some of the opposition to the bill under discussion was couched in verbiage that might be borrowed from the Jeffersonian tradition of State Sovereignty. To avoid legalism and an unwholesome nostalgia for political and social institutions which, because of the irreversibility of history, cannot be returned from the eighteenth to the twentieth century, one ought to avoid categorical statements in this connection.

Francis G. Wilson in the July issue of the *Review of Politics* says ("On Jeffersonian Tradition"):

Certainly, for the role the United States has adopted today, a consolidated State is necessary. Would Jef-

erson say that because of world affairs we should surrender the ideal of the agrarian and decentralized State?

The desperation of our times suggests that only the Total State can solve the problems we face, however we judge them to have originated. Thus we say the modern centralized and industrial society is inevitable, and that, in part, in administrative or bureaucratic control we must seek the promise of tomorrow. Or so it seems. It may be, on the other hand, that these very conditions will inspire a sense of purpose that will lead us back to the practical principles that Jefferson urged, with modifications, throughout his long public life. We may yet seek vitality in the decentralized and balanced society.

In so far as the \$5,000,000 to be appropriated under the proposed statute is derived from taxation payable by all the States, the bill can have the effect of putting a premium on shirking of State responsibility to the worker. States like New York and Wisconsin, which have done a fairly good job in the field of labor legislation and regulation and which would pay proportionately a larger amount of taxes to the Federal Government, are, through the agency of this bill, made to pay over money for the benefit of backward, reactionary or neglectful States, where even the modicum of labor legislation actually on the books is slighted by half-hearted administration and enforcement.

By making available to States considerable sums of money to supplement State budgets, the very lethargy which the proposed statute is devised to defeat is actually encouraged. If a State legislature, which in the past has disregarded its responsibilities in the face of labor problems or at least has starved labor-law administration by insubstantial appropriations, becomes convinced that the Federal Government will pay the bill, no reason is discernible why its own dwarfed interest in appropriating money can be expected to grow.

Behind the bill there is the easy American assumption, too often thoughtlessly made even by responsible people, that money in ever larger gobs will buy anything. The fact is that sound labor legislation and good-will between labor, management and enforcement agencies are not necessarily the result of merely pouring money into administrative machinery. There is a tradition of educational activity, of enthusiasm for right labor standards and even human relations, of zeal for social justice, which must grow organically and from within. Such imponderables cannot be purchased. The gap left by their absence cannot be filled with money.

Indeed it was the realization of this which prompted the New York State Joint Legislative Committee on Industrial Labor Relations to publish its textbook *The American Story of Industrial and Labor Relations*. Even before the publication of that very interesting work, its 1940 report had stated the Committee's conviction that:

The most satisfactory and happiest human relationships are the product, not of legal compulsion, but rather of voluntary determination among human beings to cooperate with one another. Though we may legislate to the end of time, there will never be industrial peace and harmony without good faith,

integrity and a high degree of responsibility and a real desire to cooperate on the part of all parties concerned. Without this spirit of good will, all of the social, economic and labor laws of man will prove eventually to be in vain.

The standards set up by the statute are so general and unlimited that in effect Federal office-holders are given a rather broad discretion to decide whether State labor-department officials are inefficient, or otherwise subject to criticism. I do not believe that the Federal Constitution ever contemplated so unmeasured an extension of Federal scrutiny into State affairs. Indeed, in this as in other respects, the bill seems to form part of a pattern of gradual nationalization of all labor laws. This is a tendency almost as much to be deprecated in this field as in that of education.

The five standards actually set up are of questionable value and equity. Under them there is nothing that would effectively prevent distribution of Federal funds to States upon the basis of politics or other improper favoritism. The mechanism for State participation under the proposed statute is practically window-dressing, since the power of the Secretary of Labor to make supplemental rules and regulations is final and continuing. At any given moment, it is impossible to predict the conditions which would be imposed upon a State labor department by a Federal agency regarding the permitted use of the Federal allocation.

Of course it must be apparent to anyone having a fairly accurate idea of the job to be done under the proposed bill that much more than \$5,000,000 would ultimately be needed to equalize, on the relatively low basis of a fair minimum, the unevenness which characterize the labor and safety legislation and regulations obtaining in the various States.

Workmen's Compensation and Unemployment Insurance are at present focal points in the concentrated drive for nationalization. Mr. A. J. Alt-meyer, chairman of the Federal Social Security Board, is advocating a national unemployment insurance. The *National Municipal Review* for May, 1943, carried his arguments. The same Review printed, in its September, 1943, issue a "reply" by Paul A. Raushenbush, president of the Interstate Conference of Employment Security Agencies.

Underlying most arguments for federalization of the whole employment security program are the persistent refrain that unemployment is a "national" problem, and the assumption that all "national" problems should be handled solely by the National Government. There are obvious fallacies—and implications—in such thinking.

On such a basis how many other "national" problems might be found within every State and city in this country—employment and jobs, industrial accidents, education, recreation, public health, water supply, sewage, police protection, etc.? Or perhaps the next plan of the Federalizers should be one for a uniform inter-American—or world—system of social security, administered by a hemispheric or world authority—for they could certainly argue that unemployment is a world problem.

Mutatis Mutandis, some of the aforesaid observations are applicable to the plans for Federal labor laws.

CROSS-CURRENTS IN URUGUAY

PETER M. DUNNE

IF any North American has doubts as to the distinct quality of the nine South American republics, all he has to do is to cross the Río de la Plata and pass from the capital of Argentina to the capital of Uruguay. A few hours travel from Buenos Aires to Montevideo will bring him to another country. There has always been a rivalry between the two cities extending away back to colonial times; and today the difference is immediately sensed. The United States possesses in Uruguay one of its staunchest and most loyal friends, and nothing is too good for a North American visiting the Capital and traveling through the country. The big North-American transports stop here, and one may see American sailor boys lounging in the plazas of Montevideo and meet them in the American Embassy.

Uruguayan statesmen well remember the epoch-making speech of Cordell Hull in Montevideo, late in 1933, before the representatives of the twenty-one republics of the Pan-American Union, the speech in which he first introduced the principles of the Good Neighbor Policy. These Uruguayans will show you with pride the photo of the assembly taken on that occasion and point out Uruguayan representatives there with the rest. This day of 1933 was great in the history of Montevideo and of the Americas. And so, in the capital of Uruguay the *Norteamericano* is everywhere welcome and enthusiastically greeted and treated.

There are a grand lot of staunch Catholics in this city; they have had to fight for their liberties, and opposition has united them well. A few decades ago, foreign priests were not allowed into the country; a few years ago, Christians had to fight for the retention of the Crucifix in schools and hospitals; they have not always been successful in blocking legislation of which they disapproved. But opposition has knit the fiber of their courage, and specifically Catholic groups are vigorous.

Montevideo boasts thirty-two Catholic schools, elementary or secondary, for boys, and twenty-eight for girls, and there are forty-three such schools in the provinces. The Jesuit College of the Sacred Heart numbers, in all its sections together, 950 students, including the 150 workingmen who attend the evening classes. A boy's club offers athletic and academic exercises and carries a membership of 700, a fourth of these being active members. A *Club Católico* for adults organizes cultural courses and publishes a cultural journal. Catholic Action held a great congress the latter part of October and thousands of people thronged the old Cathedral.

The historic political parties have been the *Blancos* and the *Colorados*, the Whites and the Reds, and many a time in the past have they disrupted the country by their too acrid partisanship. With the turning of the century, Uruguay settled down and is now considered the most advanced in its legislation, much of it good, of all Latin-American nations. The *Colorados* are split into four factions and the *Blancos* into two. Broken away from the *Colorados* entirely are those of the *Unión Cívica*, and there are a few Communists and fewer Socialists.

Just this last fall there was another battle, roughly between the old-time Whites and Reds. Perhaps the details are interesting enough to set down in these columns. A priest in Montevideo, Rev. Ignacio Iribarren, S.J., has for some years back directed a workingmen's club, not specifically for Catholics, but imbued with the philosophy of the Church. The club, *Sindicato de Justicia Social* (Syndicate of Social Justice), maintains a reading-room and a lecture hall, and publishes a journal called *Unidad Obrera* (Unity of Labor); while its founder, the Padre, speaks frequently over the air on various stations. This work has been successful, too much so for the opposition, radical labor, especially as the Father's organization attracted hundreds away from the Communist-dominated *Sindicato Unico de la Construcción*. The Catholic organization set itself against the frequent and destructive strikes brought about by radicals which bore no real fruits, only disorder, and it was strong enough to dominate the situation and dull the edge of many of the ill considered and destructive moves of the radical labor organizations.

The Padre became an object of attack; the radical *Diario Popular* launched out again and again against him. There was generous slinging of mud; all opprobrious names were called the Padre; there was raw and scurrilous calumny. Now there is a good law in Uruguay, *la ley imprenta*, against public calumny, and its sanction is practical: the defendant can answer his accuser publicly, with the same publicity and prominence in the press, and with the alleged false accusations printed in the column alongside the defense. Ten times the Padre appealed to this law and finally was able to break through the partisanship which prevented his getting a hearing. The calumnies and his answer appeared prominently in contiguous columns in all the daily papers of Montevideo. The case was clear and justice had its way. The editor of the *Diario Popular* and some other radicals were tried and convicted of calumny, and sentenced to the alternatives of paying a fine of 500 pesos or serving a term in prison.

Now appeared the weakness of Latin Americans in matters of state. A motion was made and seconded in the House of Deputies that the condemned receive an amnesty. The motion was hotly debated in the House. Deputy Amorim Sánchez made a long and eloquent speech against the amnesty in favor of Father Iribarren and his constructive activity for labor in the capital. He launched forth with

that emotion and eloquence for which the Latin temperament is so well suited. He was very personal in his appeal; he made a near-Saint of the Padre. The eloquent Deputy said in part, during the course of his appeal:

I know Father Iribarren personally, as all the community know him. He is a man who for twenty-five years has devoted himself to priestly activities; impelled by a profound Christian spirit. He is an honest man and an honest priest and generous, seeking no political ends. He aspires to no prestige, has no ambition for money or for fame. . . . He is a man who is a living flame, a walking verity; a man whose record is clean, whose conscience is honorable and who, beneath his sacerdotal robes, carries a virile personality.

All of this and much more made the headlines in the press; photos of the Deputies for and against appeared; it was a controversy which interested the whole city. The press also announced the outcome of the vote of the House: by a majority of two the amnesty was voted in favor of the calumniators of the priest.

Deputy Sánchez, loyal as he was, would have done better by the Padre and by the State had he spoken less about the good qualities of the Jesuit and his character as a priest, and expatiated with some strength on the sacredness of the law, which should be applied apart from personalities; he might have spoken of the danger to the enduring order of the state in making laws only to declare exemptions to those laws in the face of pressure.

The following day I called upon the leader of the Nationalist party, one of the groups of *Blancos*, Luis Alberto de Herrera. "What can you do?" he asked. "It is the old abuse of demagoguery." *Demagogia* is used often in Latin America to designate that irresponsible and partisan leadership which in the past has worked harm to the best interests of various countries.

This weakness, however, is gradually disappearing from the republics of the south. By the time this article reaches the North-American public, the Uruguayan Senate may have voted against the amnesty above referred to and thus have blocked its application, and this in the interests of law and order.

In the meantime Uruguay continues to be a staunch and admiring friend of the United States, as the following story will illustrate. I was walking through the buildings of the National University; fell in with one of the professors; told him I was from North America. He became immediately enthusiastic. "What a wonderful country," he exclaimed. "We Uruguayans admire and even venerate the United States. Think of the gigantic task they have undertaken in this war; look at American youth fighting all over the world; and what grand success these widespread efforts are meeting with!"

We do have a friend in Uruguay, just one example of the magnificent success in Latin America of President Roosevelt's Good Neighbor Policy. As the personal exemplar of that neighborly spirit, Ambassador William Dawson in Montevideo charmingly and successfully carries out the constructive policies of the Chief Executive of the United States.

BACK FROM THE GATES OF HELL

LESTER LUTHER

ON August 20, 1943, I was honorably discharged from the Army of the United States. I had enlisted in June, 1942, and before I was discharged I had to spend one year and three days in Army hospitals. I had seen my share of suffering without going into combat, for I saw those who *returned* from the combat zones. I have not very much to tell; but what I am going to write will, I think, stick with the reader for a long time to come.

What happened to me is unimportant. Briefly, it started with a terrific strep throat, after which complications set in. Finally, when all was well physically, my nerves went smash. Some of the Army doctors attributed this to the hospital surroundings. All of us can think of a better place than a hospital in which to spend one year of the best part of our lives.

Twice I had refused a discharge, but the third time I was sent before the Medical Board of Officers I was advised to take it. This meant I was to be sent home, where I now write these words, safe from the ravages of war. But I cannot forget my friends who are still in the hospitals. And these friends of mine may be your sons, brothers or husbands. They are not the same as when they left home, and many of them will never be the same again.

I spent six months in a Station Hospital in the camp where I took my training, and another six months in a General Hospital. In the latter I saw those who came "back from the mouth of hell"; those who fought for freedom; those who killed men they never saw before in their lives; those who were maimed for the rest of time. Not a pleasant sight, I assure you, and far be it from me to describe their misfortunes in detail. However, some explanation is necessary.

There was Bob, twenty-three years old, from San Francisco, who had to do without both his legs. There was Tony, minus an arm, and Johnny who was bounced thirty feet in the air when his Jeep hit a mine. Then there was Ted, blind as a dead man. Bill lost both his hands at Buna, and Tom got it in the stomach. A kid by the name of Dick was wounded in the head and lost his sense of speech and was crippled on the whole left side of his body—he was only nineteen. Andy had part of his chest blown away and George was shot in the throat, and while he lay waiting for medical aid a German Tiger tank rolled over his legs. Don was only shot in the thumb, but gangrene set in and he watched the doctors take off his whole arm before they checked the poison. Steve cursed all of mankind when he found out he was going blind; Wally did the same when he discovered he

would never again be able to play the violin. Louie had malaria twenty-six times, and Art cried his eyes out when he was told he could never walk again. But I could go on and on and never reach the end; so perhaps it is best that I put a finish to descriptions which the reader would call "horrible." All I can say is that I knew these young men; ate with them, slept with them, suffered with them. Memory of them is haunting, a constant reminder of just what war really means.

There are many things being done for these lads—and I write *lads* because none I knew was over twenty-five—what with the best of medical attention and rehabilitation. But there is another thing that must be done for them, something far more important and greater than restoring their minds or bodies. And that is, their souls. The last sentence will mean nothing whatever to a non-religious person, but to one who knows, it will mean everything.

George was a very good Catholic and never once during all his pain did his Faith fail. Many times I would see him silently praying with his hands clasped, with unashamed tears in his eyes. One day he was in an unusual mood, for he talked quite a bit. We were discussing the Purple Heart he received as a result of his wounds. "This medal," he said, showing me the Heart, "is a citation from my Government, which is just another way of thanking me for fighting for them. But I'll need more than just a mere medal. Look at me, a hole in my neck and no legs. I'm not ashamed to admit that I pray and pray hard, damn hard. I pray to God to help me and give me strength to face my future life with a smile, even if it must be a smile through tears. But I can't pray alone, I must have help. I've got to know that there's someone else pulling for me, praying for me. All the medals in the world cannot help me, but sincere and simple prayers can. If I feel at ease inwardly, then I won't ask anything more. But is my asking for a prayer too much?"

How can it be too much? George was just one of millions of Americans who were called on to fight, to kill or be killed. Before the war he was studying to be an engineer, and in the Army he was taught to destroy the very things he would have built. He was never far away from home, but, once in the Army, he was sent to Tunis. He knew all the heartaches of war and still he wondered if he was asking too much for someone to say a few prayers for him. He had no parents, only an uncle who was kind enough to keep him out of an orphanage and give him a good education. George is only one of hundreds, and before the War is over there will be many thousands more like him.

People of all religions are praying for their loved ones who are now in the service of their country. Isn't it odd how we always pray when we *want* something? Seldom do we utter prayers of thanks when once we have obtained what we sought. Such must not be the case for George and his many "buddies." You say the prayers, they'll be thankful.

Always we have heard, and said, prayers for the

boys going away to camp, for those already in the Army, for those overseas and those who died; but what of those who came back? They need prayers just as much as the others, if not more. They have a future to face which isn't going to be pleasant at all. Put yourself in their places. Would you trade with them? Would you exchange your life of comparative ease for their bed of suffering? No, of course not. Neither would I. But I do the next best thing to such an impossible trade—I pray for them nightly and I remember them during Mass on Sunday, also in my Communion. I find myself thinking of them even during the day. In my opinion even a thought is a prayer.

I cannot paint their misery clearly enough; one must live with them really to see and feel how they suffer. One must see their wounds and smell the stench of rotten flesh to learn how truly great their agony is. To see the pitiful look in their eyes is more than enough to move our greatest generals. They lie on their backs with their mouths open and want to beg for something, but they don't know for what. Some beg for mercy which to them is death, others just beg for the sake of begging.

And remember, these are those who fought for freedom so that you may live and enjoy it. Verily, these flowers of American youth are the living martyrs of our day. They fought well, they killed clean and they did this, not to conquer, but to bring that freedom to the world which is its God-sent heritage. But even freedom demands a wage—blood, sweat and tears!

Many of our boys who return from the combat zones are mental cases, not lunatics, but nervous wrecks. They will never be worth a nickel to themselves or anyone else, unless they can snap out of it. Howard was one of these. He saw his best friend blown to bits before his very eyes, a scene which comes back to him at times and which will haunt him all his life. He just stares at you as though he were blaming you for his pal's death. And then he cries, clenching his fists till they are white. He has been like that since Pearl Harbor, so it is not going to disappear overnight.

Some do return completely out of their minds, but the less written about them, the better. This kind are kept away from the rest of the boys, for all-too-manifest reasons. Perhaps they are at peace in their "new worlds," for who can say if the insane suffer or know how to suffer?

Consider what I have written. The men who had a hand in saving the world are now in your hands. They are well worthy of your prayers, just as you were well worthy of their fighting for you. When they went into battle they asked no handicap; now you must show the same consideration for them in your prayers. Their bodies are in ruin, but their souls are yet alive. Save them, for they have saved you!

Catholic, Protestant and Jew, take up this call which is the petition of your son, or brother, or husband, or the freckled-faced kid next door. Your reward will be nothing but an inner satisfaction, for you must wait for Eternity when your true reward will be lived.

BUFFER STATES: A WORN-OUT MYTH

ANICETAS SIMUTIS

RECENTLY there has been much talk about the "buffer states," characterizing them as dangerous and undesirable; but few, perhaps, took the trouble to ask themselves what buffer states really are. If one should attempt to crystalize his ideas about buffer states by etymological means he would find that the word "buffer" is defined as "a device for lessening the shock of concussion." Thus, a buffer state would apparently be a state which would serve to lessen the shocks emanating from some mightier state in the process of a violent upheaval. Since it is common knowledge that the Baltic States, Poland and the Balkan States have, in many instances, been called buffer states, it is not difficult to arrive at the conclusion that the disturbed state must be either Germany or Russia, or perhaps both. And, sure enough, one finds that Germany was shaking internally, after World War I, from defeat, and that Russia suffered from violent revolution, civil war, and social upheaval. If this definition be accepted as appropriate, then the group of states between Germany and Russia would be destined to play the harmless role of shock absorbers.

The French, however, imply quite a different purpose for the buffer states when they speak of them as the *cordon sanitaire*. Literally, that term means a line of states destined to prevent the spread of contagious diseases. Taking this view, one would say that Russia after World War I was infected with a mass mental disease called Communism, better known in Russia as Bolshevism; while in later years Germany became sick with a somewhat different mass mental disease known as Nazism or Hitlerism. Thus, the duty of the states forming the *cordon sanitaire* would have been to prevent the spread of Communism or Nazism. If that mission was really entrusted to these states nothing could have been easier than its accomplishment, for, as it turned out, none of these ideologies was to any notable extent contagious to the peoples in the region between Russia and Germany. While elsewhere there were quite a number of persons who became infected with the Russian or German variety of ideology through various means—paid agents not excluded—nowhere was the number of those infected so large as to threaten the world with an epidemic. Whether for good or ill, the states which were supposed to serve as a *cordon sanitaire* did not, and could not, do anything about the possibility of an epidemic. In fact, the Russians themselves made their border into a modern Chinese Wall, compared with which several dozen imaginary *cordons sanitaires* would have been pitifully ineffective.

The German political geographers provide a still different definition of the buffer-state philosophy. They have conveniently devised a zone which they called *Zwischeneuropa*, which, literally translated, signifies "between-Europe," or, in other words, the intermediate zone separating Germany from the Soviet Union. Within this zone are contained Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania and Poland to the north; Greece, Albania, Bulgaria, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Czecho-Slovakia and Hungary to the south. Thus the term *Zwischeneuropa*, to the German mind, means a region beyond Europe—Europe itself being Germany—and yet not in Asia, since Asia is taken to mean the Soviet Union. Naturally, to the German master-race mind, the countries beyond Europe are backward and in strong need of the master-race tutelage, although they are not so backward as Asia, where the German masters are, of course, even more necessary. Moreover, the states forming *Zwischeneuropa* are a hindrance to the German *Kulturträger* (carrier of culture) in his effort to enlighten backward Asia, as well as a barrier to the expansion of the Greater Reich in its desperate search for *Lebensraum* (living space).

The Russians, on the other hand, have their own notion about these buffer states, one which, in fact, more nearly corresponds to the French interpretation of the *cordon sanitaire*. From the Russian point of view, these states, or at least some of them, were purposely created to hinder the spread of Communistic ideas to the countries of Western Europe.

If we glance at the map of Europe and then examine the past relations between Russia and Germany and the alleged buffer states, we shall find that the northernmost state, Finland, shares extensive frontiers with Russia, but has none with Germany. Finland never felt that she was a shock-absorber for the Russian convulsions resulting from that country's social and economic upheaval, nor did she feel that she was blocking the spread of Communism from Russia to the rest of the world. Her population of less than 4,000,000 was never a menace to the great Russian empire of 180,000,000 people. Similarly, the little republic of Estonia, to the south of Finland, was as friendly to Russia and Germany as any country could be. Latvia, too, to the south of Estonia, has no common frontier with Germany, but she has two good ports through which she was anxious to have part of the Russian trade moved. Obviously, she never dreamed of any hostility toward Russia.

Lithuania's position was somewhat different from that of her three sister republics because, owing to the seizure by Poland of Vilnius (Vilna), her Capital city, she had no common frontier with Russia, while on the south she was bounded by Germany. Due to the proximity of Germany and the rising Nazi menace she was, of the three sister republics, the most friendly to Russia; but this did not save her from the Russian invasion and occupation.

Poland, which was the largest of these so-called buffer states and the only state in the imaginary

cordon sanitaire which had common frontiers with both Russia and Germany, tried to be friendly to both, but she was hated and destroyed by both. Although Poland accepted a share in the division of spoils of Czecho-Slovakia, she rejected Hitler's proposal for a joint attack on Russia. This, however, did not help her to gain Russian friendship or good will. A peaceful and democratic Germany or Russia could have had in Poland a very good friend. Poland likewise could do nothing, and did nothing, to block the spread of ideas from Russia or Germany to the rest of the world.

Rumania and the other Balkan states also differed little in their attitude toward Russia and Germany.

All the notions and facts concerning the buffer states or the *cordon sanitaire* point in but one direction: it is neither the size nor the shape of the small nations that makes them buffer states, but the attitude of the larger states between which they have the fortune or misfortune to find themselves situated.

Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia, Finland, Poland, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria and Greece are not necessarily buffer states; but the attitude of Germany and Russia toward them makes them such. Otherwise they are not much different from Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Norway or from any small state in the Western Hemisphere. Indeed, between the great democracy of the United States in North America and the great republic of Brazil in South America exist a score of small states, but none of them was ever called a buffer state or so considered. However, the geographic position of these little countries is such that an unfriendly attitude on the part of the United States or Brazil could change them overnight into hateful and hated buffer states.

Little thought is required to arrive at the conclusion that the idea of buffer states or a *cordon sanitaire* as a political philosophy is illusive and incoherent; but to the imperialistic, aggressive nations such a philosophy does exist as something more than a political slogan. Every sincere observer, after looking into the facts, must conclude that the bogey of buffer states has been conveniently invented by the political geographers of the aggressive nations so that they may more easily manipulate international machinery to their own advantage.

The German greed for territory and for domination after this war will be checked by force for a long time to come; while Russia must be persuaded not to succumb to any urge to increase by seizure her already huge empire. If these aims can be successfully accomplished, the mirage of buffer states will be destroyed forever.

It is fitting to conclude this article with the historical words of Assistant Secretary of State Berle, who in his April 4, 1943, address, delivered before the Rotary Club of Reading, Pennsylvania, made this statement:

"The other story which relates to buffer states is built out of plain ignorance. . . . Today the idea of buffer states is as dead as a dodo."

PROMISE TO PETER, 1943

HOW will history remember the year of Our Lord nineteen hundred forty-three? From many interesting dates, a few may be selected at random.

Perhaps historians will light upon October 29 as the high-water mark of Nazi aggression. On this day the Nazi Government promised to respect the person of the Pope and the neutrality of Vatican City. Whether or not the promise has been violated, at least the moral power of the Holy See has been strikingly manifest, as day by day it has held the Nazi invader at bay.

We should be doing an injustice to heroes in other lands now experiencing the savage lash of persecution, were we to ignore their own struggle with the rulers of darkness. To October 29 and Pius XII, let historians add February 17 and the joint pastoral of the Dutch Bishops forbidding co-operation with the Nazis, as well as August 19 and the German Bishops at Fulda protesting religious persecution in the Reich.

On September 8, a Patriarch of the Russian Orthodox Church, with the approval of Stalin, was elected and shortly afterward installed in the Cathedral in Moscow. While it would be fatuous for us here and now to clap our hands as though the naming of a Patriarch would obliterate the memory of martyred priests and Bishops of the prison camps of Siberia, still in the Providence of God (though perhaps not in the intentions of Mr. Stalin) this may prove to be a turning point in the worst anti-God campaign since the days of Julian the Apostate.

Efforts of the American Hierarchy to aid the realization of a just and lasting peace bore special fruit on October 7, in a noteworthy seven-point Declaration on World Peace signed by almost fifty leading prelates, priests and laymen. Simultaneously other statements, couched in identical terms, were issued by representative Protestant and Jewish religious leaders. This declaration, addressed to all men of good will, may well mark for historians a new phase in the position of religion in modern society.

A quite unique event of the year 1943, although it cannot be pinned down to any definite date, was the round-the-world tour of the Most Reverend Francis J. Spellman, Archbishop of New York. Traveling in his capacity as Military Ordinary for the United States, the Archbishop visited the armed forces scattered over the face of the globe. To Catholics this tour was symbolic of the solicitude of both the Government and of the Church for the spiritual well-being of the troops.

Other dates that may have their impact on history: the bombing of Rome by the Allies on July 19, marked by extreme caution on the part of the attackers to avoid hitting Vatican territory; the bombing of the Vatican itself by an unidentified plane on November 6, in which buildings were damaged but no casualties experienced. General Eisenhower declared that no allied planes were over Rome that day.

EDITO

THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH

ON Christmas Eve, Mr. Roosevelt made his report to the nation on his long and extensive journeyings. Yet, report is scarcely the best word for the President's speech; it was rather a sketch of his impressions—impressions of men and nations, of spirit and prospects.

The answers to certain questions of detail, Mr. Roosevelt left, as both discretion and courtesy urged, to his more formal report to the Congress. What he did say was to the effect that the international outlook for fair weather after the war was very hopeful.

Teheran gave the President his first opportunity of meeting Generalissimo Chang Kai-shek. China, though first into the war against Japan, has always seemed to be a bit of step-child among the Allies; and nothing has been more admirable than the dignity and patience with which its leader has borne the varying fortunes of his efforts to obtain Western help. The President was able, not only to assure him of "total victory over our common enemy," but to agree with him on the fundamental, if simple principles of justice for all races which would make the victory the prelude to a lasting peace.

With Marshal Stalin, Mr. Roosevelt

talked with complete frankness on every conceivable subject connected with the winning of the war and the establishment of a durable peace after the war.

The President believes that "we are going to get along with him and the Russian people—very well indeed." This is a matter on which many Americans are seeking assurance; and such words are heartening. It is not that we go out of our way to suspect Russia; it is that Russia's newspapers and Russia's representatives insist on speaking in terms of a uni-lateral settlement of questions like the Baltic States and Poland which we naturally look to see settled by world or regional conferences.

For our part, we ask nothing more than what the President asserted to be the common purpose of the Great Powers:

The rights of every nation, large or small, must be respected and guarded as jealously as are the rights of every individual within our own republic.

With Mr. Roosevelt, we recognize the opposite doctrine as that of our enemies, and reject it.

GOVERNMENT AND BUSINESS

IN time of war, anything is welcome which will pour oil upon the troubled relations of government and business.

Errors of organization may account for some of the jungle of regulations which harass business pilgrims to Washington, but the immediate problem is to find a way through the jungle with a minimum of calamity.

Very practically, three days were recently devoted to this topic in Chicago by the American Council on Public Relations, with headquarters in Palo Alto, California; and a Californian, Dr. Raymond W. Miller, public-relations consultant in Washington, undertook to pour some of this oil by representing an impartial view of certain difficulties, created by the need of business, in view of war needs, "to work more closely than ever with government." As Dr. Miller sees it:

Company executives from all over the nation were immediately confronted with a situation that demanded their personal presence, together with that of their trade representatives in Washington. They came in droves. Their lives had been built within a corporate business structure and they had had slight contact with the Federal Government. Many administrators in Washington knew little of the practical problems of business, even as business, in turn, had slight knowledge of governmental problems.

To indict either government agents or business executives for lack of patriotic interest in the war or a desire to use it as an aid for selfish ends is a travesty on facts. Government did not overnight assume the direction of business because it had suddenly had a change of political philosophy. Neither had business descended upon Washington because it had decided to take over the country. . . .

As a matter of averages, a certain amount of crackpot philosophy crept in—both on the side of business and of government. If a completely impartial tribunal could determine the percentage of each, it would probably be about parallel.

There are men in government, thinks Dr. Miller, who "should be elsewhere," and business should recognize that in Washington "it is in a field not akin to its regular contacts." Errors of judgment are readily publicized, "while the wise and equitable decisions are seldom emphasized." These opinions are a bid for discretion and patience on both sides, and a constant remembrance of the common good above all personal or corporate interests.

LABOR CRISIS

ONCE again the danger of serious strikes has passed. It was unthinkable that railroad men should strike or be allowed to strike at this time. No one expected them to strike. Even had the President not ordered the Army to take over, they most probably would not have struck. Yet, the threat was there, and the very threat was enough to arouse almost a world-wide fear, horror, anger, disgust and a passion of bitterness that will not easily die.

It was equally unthinkable that the steel workers should strike just at a time when General Eisenhower, deep in plans for the Big Invasion, was promising victory in 1944, *IF* . . . The railroad men and the steel workers and the mine workers and all workers spell at least fifty per cent of that *IF*. Yet thousands of steel workers did strike for a day or so and returned to work only when a Presidential suggestion moved the War Labor Board to reverse its decision.

There is much that is puzzling and much that is understandable in both strike threats. Railroad men and steel workers are not unpatriotic, not unmindful of the war going on, and the struggles and sufferings of the boys in service. Many, very many of them, have willingly given their own boys to the services. The Steel Workers Union has a recognized reputation for loyalty and has been steadily growing into the strong, balanced, progressive type of union that promises well for labor-industry relations after the war. The railway unions are among the most conservative in the United States. Since 1926 the roads have known peace under the workings of a tightly drawn Railway Labor Act that has been the basis of study and imitation by other industries.

In the present instance, the Brotherhoods carried out faithfully the provisions of the Act with patience and legality. Since Pearl Harbor, both roads and men have worked diligently and well. They have handled a job of transportation that seemed and still seems almost impossible. Even the most casual traveler can notice that the work has been much heavier, that all the workers have been under a greater strain, that in spite of the strain and the added burdens, there has been a fine manifestation of efficiency and courtesy. The volume of business has increased enormously. With the business have increased company earnings, and it is surely understandable that the men should wish to share somewhat in the added earnings. They have had no vacations with pay. They have not been receiving—what is general in most industries—time and a half for overtime. They claim that the cost of living has increased out of all proportion to their earnings.

For fifteen months in some cases, for a year in others, negotiations have been going on. There have been hearings and rehearings, decisions and revisions of decisions. Mediation boards and special mediation boards, the War Labor Board, the Office of Price Stabilization, the House and the Senate,

all took a hand in the matter. Finally came the threat to strike, and with the threat came action.

The issue in the steel strike seems simpler. As contracts lapsed and the unions began negotiations for new contracts, the unions wished a guarantee that the provisions of the new contract would be operative from the time the old contracts lapsed.

Actually, behind both strike threats, there is, it seems, only one question: is the Little Steel Formula fact or fancy? Must the Little Steel Formula be changed to enable workers to keep pace with the rising cost of living? Despite subtle distinctions, the Mine Workers have to all practical intent broken the Little Steel Formula. Railroad workers, by a decision of the President himself, have broken through the formula. The steel workers have won the first round in their planned campaign to break the Little Steel Formula. They do not intend to stop short of complete victory. If they succeed, every union in the country will ride through the breach on their coat-tails, and before the gap is closed civil-service workers and all white-collar workers will try to push through.

The issue cannot be ducked. It must be faced. The time has come for honesty and strength. Are we to hold the line at the Little Steel Formula or has the time come to establish a new line?

The answer to this question rests more with the Congress than with the President and the War Labor Board. If the cost of living is not held at the levels prevailing when wage rates were stabilized, then the Little Steel Formula must inevitably be abandoned. On the other hand, if a determined attempt is made to hold the line, wages can and must be stabilized. If the Congress permits the Administration to continue the subsidy program, if it takes some of the pressure off prices by siphoning off excess purchasing power through heavier taxes, if it strengthens the OPA so that ceiling prices can be adequately enforced, then wages can be held at present levels. But if the Congress fails to do these things, the Little Steel Formula has outlived its usefulness.

To some it may seem that the attempt to stop an inflationary spiral has failed. As a matter of fact, compared with the price movement during World War I, it has succeeded remarkably well. It would be a pity to give up the fight now and thus expose our people to the perils of a runaway inflation. The Commission appointed by the President some weeks ago will soon have finished its report. With this as a basis, the Congress ought to work shoulder to shoulder with the Chief Executive to assure a sound domestic economy.

In this effort, they can count on the cooperation of the vast majority of labor leaders. These men recognize the injury that uncontrolled inflation would do to the workers of the country. They have tried to educate the rank and file to an understanding of the economics of wartime fiscal policy and to win their support for the stabilization program. If they have now failed, it is because the rise in living costs has in too many cases made it impossible to assure a decent livelihood for workers' families.

MARRIAGE MANUALS

"BOOKS are weapons" is the slogan publishers and libraries have been using to channel our reading into becoming, in its way, part of the war-effort. The phrase is very true, and not only in wartime. Books *are* weapons, but not all weapons are in the hands or in the souls of those who are fighting in a just cause. The war is causing to be put into the hands of many an American a weapon that seems, at first sight, true and serviceable, but which will turn out to be a traitorous knife in the heart of American home and family life.

The American Library Association, releasing its annual report gathered from statistics of some 110 libraries, reveals that, among other significant trends in wartime reading, marriage manuals and handbooks for expectant mothers are far more popular than ever before. This is doubtless accounted for by war marriages and the attendant hurry and haste that forestalls any more leisurely, more sound and thorough preparation and instruction on the duties of married life. John and Mary have only two days before his ship sails; they have not time for a long talk, or a series of talks, with parents, a priest or other religious adviser; they can think of nothing to do but pop into the nearest library (or drug-store!) and skim through a marriage manual, in preparation for a sublime activity and vocation.

Even at best, were all the books on this topic totally unexceptional; were they written with the suffusing glow of a deep spirituality pulsing through them, their rushed perusal would not be a proper preparation—they should be studied. But when we recall what the vast majority of the marriage manuals are like, we shudder to hear that they are getting popular as never before.

For the plain, if distasteful, fact is that nine out of ten of these books are absolute moral poison. Birth control, with all its technique revoltingly detailed, is taken as a matter of course; the spiritual soul of marriage is ignored, and undue insistence on its physical side gives the young couple a totally distorted view.

To counteract this growing menace to the sanctity of marriage, we must admit that there are few Catholic or soundly Christian books that we could recommend for the library shelves, which are at once steeped in spirituality and practical and explicit enough in detail to fill all of the inquirers' needs. But there is something far better than books for this purpose; there is the living instruction that Catholics have always found from the sources whence it should come—from home and church. In these days of hurried marriages, parents and priests alike must hold fast to their sacred privilege of instructing the young in these matters. To waive that duty and privilege is to send the young couples to the nearest library or book-store for guidance, where the chances are terrifyingly high that they will learn what marriage is thought to be by Marie Stopes or Margaret Sanger, not what it is in the designs and Heart of Jesus Christ.

H. C. G.

LITERATURE AND ARTS

TENETS FOR REVIEWERS: IV

HAROLD C. GARDINER

INSTALLMENT number three of this series (December 11) more or less concluded (without having by any means said the last word) the question of morality in current fiction. I would like to go on now to discuss a point that often, indeed, touches on morality, but which is, essentially, a question of the author's artistic approach to the whole question of truth and beauty. Upon a proper adjudication of his approach, of his soundness in striking a balance between the two, will also, to a great extent, depend the justice of the reader's demands on the author.

What can the reader demand? He can and must demand, as the preceding articles have tried to show, that the author treat human life as human life, and that, therefore, he treat sin for what it is; he must demand that the author, in treating sin this way, not so glamorize it as to run the risk of making the reader's life less human. But—and this is the point of discussion in this article—the reader cannot, in literature, demand that the author teach him how to live. In other words—and here is another principle for both reviewers and readers—we do not and cannot go to fiction for instruction.

This statement would, indeed, seem to need no laboring, but I feel that much of the difficulty felt by some who have objected to the recent novels that have occasioned this series has arisen from the fact that the aggrieved readers have forgotten that all literature, and fiction, perhaps, above all, is written to please and not to teach. Indeed, one correspondent gives voice to that very confusion, when she writes that when and if she ever wants to find out how to wean a baby daughter, she will go to a standard manual for mothers or to her doctor, and not to Betty Smith.

Precisely, and so would I, were such a happy fate possible for me. But the point is that such an attitude is casting upon the author (Betty Smith or any other) a burden that is unfair and overwhelming. Miss Smith never set out to tell us, in the pages of her novel, how children ought to be weaned, or how public schools ought to be run or how life ought to be lived; she simply wanted to say and did say that this was actually how the child *was* weaned, and this was how a particular life *was* lived.

Well, then, do we learn nothing from fiction? Is it, then, merely an escape, time wasted that adds nothing to the fulness of human life? By no means; not if it is *read*. I do learn from fiction, but I learn

in the fashion that is art's unique own; I learn through being pleased; I find truth through the door of beauty. And if I strike upon something beautiful, let me have no fears that I can miss truth, for they are both but different facets of the same Thing.

Ah, but there is the rub! We grant you, you say, that we ought not to go to novels to find the truth of instruction; we will be content to find the mere truth of fact—but where, oh where, in so much modern fiction, is there any vestige of beauty?

Let me try to unravel that by a concrete example. A recent novel that I praised in review was Marquand's *So Little Time*. Writing of it in the *Herald Tribune Books* for December 26, Isabel Patterson rather echoes AMERICA'S judgment when she says:

Nobody in the story had any [truths, ideas to orient themselves by]. There is not a trace of intellectual activity in the characters; they do not think, therefore they do not feel anything but a rather dull discomfort and boredom. . . . *So Little Time* is a group portrait of people in a huddle, wondering what for. . . .

Precisely, you say, and where is there the dimmest glimmering of beauty there? It isn't *there*, but it emerges from the book; it is in the overtones, it is in the wistful gropings of the rootless characters, it is in the whole poignant contrast that the author never points explicitly but which lurks beneath every page—the contrast between what these huddled people actually are and what, as human beings, they could have been. *There* is beauty; the beauty of the potentiality of the human soul, unrealized, frustrated, dissipated on the husks, but still fundamentally and eternally there.

And it is through this obscured door of a dimly suggested beauty that the author actually does, though it may not have been his intention, teach a deep lesson. But if I approached the book with the exclusive expectation and demand that the author instruct me in life, I would be asking him to assume a responsibility that simply is not his, that of being a moral guide. He cannot be an immoral guide; but the truth he hints at and suggests cannot be indicated by pointer-and-blackboard method—it must emerge from the beauty (tenuous and fitful, perhaps, as what beauty is not, save One?) of the characters, of the situation, of the overtones.

There must be this kind of beauty in any true art, and in literary art above all, for without it the truth contained will never be more than the truth of fact, never the truth of ideal. But when the truth of fact is informed by this idea of beauty, then the truth of ideal springs from the wedding of the two. Geoffrey Wilson's love affair (never trespassing the principles laid down earlier in this series) with the actress in *So Little Time* was a

truth of fact—it did happen in the author's mind. But it was more than that; informed and suffused with the author's own oblique commentary on the emptiness of Geoffrey's life, the episode merges into a statement of an ideal truth—that the holiness and sharing of marriage would have been the character's salvation, had he only known how to turn to it. Francie Nolan's experience with the pervert in the famous "Tree" was a truth of fact; transformed by the author's appreciation of the girl's instinctive modesty and of her mother's protective love, even that realistic scene shades off into a truth of ideal.

The misapprehension of going to fiction to be instructed was the main reason, I feel, for the furore that was raised some years ago over *The Keys of the Kingdom*. Those who read it first and foremost as a treatise on moral or pastoral theology forgot that Cronin was not saying that this is the way priests and nuns ought to talk and act. This was the way his creations *did* act and think, and that artistic fact, seen through the aura of devotion and zeal that permeated the book, showed us, *by contrast or by confirmation*, what the ideal of priestly and religious life is.

Now this critical stand that the purpose of fiction is not primarily to instruct, but to please, is not at all the "art for art's sake" heresy. It is not, for example, Poe's, who pushed to the extreme the theory that the end of art is pleasure, not truth. The fact of the matter is that truth is an element in intellectual pleasure; I cannot take a legitimate intellectual pleasure in something that I know to be intellectually or morally untrue. Literature, dealing with human life, must deal with facts and their interpretation, meaning and bearing; it must teach, it cannot help it. But it must never *seem* to teach, and the reader must not approach it with the demand that it instruct him as its primary duty.

Here lies a cardinal and practical difficulty for reviewers, especially Catholic ones. If the reviewer knew that all his readers were those who already know how to live life, and were going to fiction, not for a blueprint, but for the enlargement of their own lives either by way of confirmation or contrast, he could judge the book with much more accuracy as to its actual effect. Since some, however, apparently do read fiction to learn how to live, he must often rather temper his purely critical judgment with an eye to practical prudence. But it is totally unfair to expect that that practical prudence will be plenary enough to forestall all and any demurrers.

Truth, then, must be in a novel, but it does not *make* a novel; it is essential, but artistically secondary, subordinate to and presupposed by the fact that the aim of art is to please. But it is so important that if falsehood, untruth, is portrayed in the story, it fails as art, no matter what the specious pleasure derived, for though the end of art be to please, it must please legitimately and rationally.

That is why an historical novel is an exacting task; the author has to keep two truths clearly

before him: first of all, the truth of historical fact, which he may, indeed, embellish and expand, but which he can never contravene; second, the truth of ideal, which he shares in common with the purely imaginative writer. *The Robe* and *The Apostle* both fail as works of art, quite apart from their doctrinal shortcomings, because they deny the truth of certain definite historical happenings. The pleasure they give, therefore, is in so far an illegitimate one.

The purely imaginative writer is spared this risk. The truth of the facts depends on his creation; the bickerings of Father Chisholm and the Mother Superior in the earlier controversial novel actually happened, in the author's mind and heart, and the critic cannot dismiss them by saying "these things don't happen." One correspondent objected to praise of *Kansas Irish* on the ground that the book was false. How could it have been false to the facts, when the author was telling what he actually witnessed in his own family? The question is: did those facts so impress him and does he so transmit them as to give us from them the further truth, the truth of ideal? If so, and if his book is so written as to give pleasure, then his work has accomplished the end which is art's only legitimate one, to give pleasure *humano modo*, not to instruct.

Here again we verge onto the inescapable matter of individual taste. Though the end of art be to please legitimately, not all art is going to please everybody. You may simply not like a certain type of book, but that will be no guarantee that the book is not art. The somber or tragic tale may repel you, but as long as it can be pointed out that the tale does contain the elements of truth and beauty that I have been insisting on, the novel will be, objectively, a work of art, whether *you* derive pleasure from it or not.

Taste is a personal matter, though it is true that there is an objective hierarchy of taste. The whole point of these articles is, not by any means to bludgeon people into liking or saying that they like what they actually don't, but rather to discuss what I honestly feel to be some general principles on which taste can be properly built and judgments in reviewing may be more sanely and critically passed. That there is need of such temperance is but too sadly proved by the utterly uncharitable tone of some of the correspondence (predominantly in agreement) occasioned by this series—and, of course, not a few of these letters have been unsigned. Such one-sided criticism (if it may be so called), when applied publicly to a discussion of current fiction, inevitably leads to the suspicion that there are Catholic bigots, too. It is not that way that we are going to influence modern literary thought, whether through creation or through criticism. Nor is it a question of yielding the outposts to the children of this world; it is a matter of knowing principles clearly and holding them tenaciously, but of being judicious in their application. AMERICA will continue (if I may beg the whole question), with God's help, to judge books on that basis. I'll be seeing you in the next controversy!

BOOKS

"THE TIGER" AND FRANCE

CLEMENCEAU. By Geoffrey Bruun. (*Makers of Modern Europe* series, edited by Donald C. McKay in association with Dumas Malone.) Harvard University Press. \$3

THIS is the third in the series of *Makers of Modern Europe*, presenting the lives of outstanding figures for which satisfactory biographies in English are not available. It is not, however, intended to be a definitive biography, since it is too soon to evaluate fully "The Tiger's" place in history. *Clemenceau* includes the familiar facts about the statesman's early life—studies, travels in the United States, political apprenticeship. Nothing is added to our meager knowledge of Clemenceau's personal life and unsuccessful American marriage. On the other hand, the public figure is well delineated.

Biography is hardly the term to describe Mr. Bruun's work. He has given us rather a history of France, the Franco-Prussian War in 1870, the first World War and the Peace Conference, against a background of Clemenceau's dominating personality. This book, read in the light of today's conflict and postwar planning, seems to be a particularly pessimistic recording of how thoroughly France was deceived by the Allied Victory, in 1918, and of how vain was her tremendous sacrifice for the cause of liberty.

It is a tribute to Mr. Bruun's almost perfect objectivity to note that, although he presents France's case, through Clemenceau, he is not sympathetic to her demands at the peace conference. Readers will rediscover forgotten events in this book and in the tragedy of Clemenceau's life, for "The Tiger" lived to see his worst fears come true. In 1927, two years before his death at the age of 88, he had written: "Note carefully what I tell you. In six months, a year, five years, ten years, when they wish and as they wish, the Boches will invade us."

This book, written at a time when almost complete silence enshrouds France, seems to be a reprimand to those who have criticized her for her inadequate preparation for this war and her swift military defeat. Those who love France must remind the world that the millions of lives she lost in the first World War represented her best blood and that she could not, in two decades, recoup her losses in potential leaders and defenders. If, in its dark hour, the Third Republic was forced to call upon the aged Hero of Verdun, was it not because it could think of no one else?

Mr. Bruun does not draw any parallels between the peace negotiators—Wilson, Lloyd George and Clemenceau—and our leaders today, but the implications are there, nevertheless. The author departs somewhat from his aloofness to remark that Clemenceau's very pessimism led him to expect and inevitably find "national rivalries deadlocked about the peace table." The biographer insinuates that "The Tiger" had more than his share in these. Even admitting that this may be true, we must remember that neither England nor the United States ever had to live next door to eighty million Germans and, therefore, have found it difficult to understand Clemenceau's realism in contrast to Wilsonian idealism.

Clemenceau includes several sections on the statesman's career as a journalist, not generally known to the American public and, at the conclusion of the volume, an excellent bibliography and index. "The Tiger," who had burned most of his personal papers before his death, left a portion in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs with parts earmarked for the Government twenty years after his death, in 1949. The *Société des Amis de Clemenceau* will eventually present a complete edition of his

works. At such a time, a new biography will probably shed light on the many obscure points of Clemenceau's long public career. In the meantime, this biography by Geoffrey Bruun is a reliable guide for those who, by acquainting themselves with the underlying factors of the First World War, wish better to understand World War II. When all is said and done, geographical boundaries carry their own weight. France still is and will remain Germany's next-door neighbor.

PIERRE COURTINES

WHOM GOD HATH JOINED

LIFE TOGETHER. By Wingfield Hope. Sheed and Ward. \$2.50.

ON the first page of this book, the author asks why it is that even those who have never consciously violated God's plan for married life sometimes arrive at a state of disillusionment, incompleteness, frustration. He answers that the failure

cannot be due to any fault in the pattern which was given to us by God; it must therefore, I think, be due to the fact that we have misunderstood it, and this can happen even if we have misunderstood only a small part of it, since every part is necessary to the perfection of the whole.

There follows a clear, orderly, thoughtful and inspiring presentation of God's plan for married life and family life, in which the different elements that constitute life together are considered in the light of reason and revelation.

Stress is laid on the necessity of love and self-sacrifice to lead to that "oneness" which should be modeled on the union of Christ and his Church. Nor is it merely theory. In delicate but perfectly clear language, due consideration is given to the physical side of married love and the need to see clearly its place in the whole plan of God. The author outlines the tragedies that can result from the failure to appreciate beforehand that the physical expression of love is not something shameful in itself which is accidentally permitted married people. The book ends with some fine chapters that show the excesses of both the Victorian and modern approach to the problems of sex, together with the perfectly sound view that has always been that of the Church.

It is questionable whether many people will take the time to read a book of two hundred pages, but those who do will be well rewarded if they prepare for marriage by reading it. Those already married will derive much benefit from it. For priests and seminarians, it will be a source of matter for talks to sodalities and instructions, as well as an antidote against the legalistic view of marriage as merely a *ius in corpus*.

JOSEPH S. DUHAMEL

SECOND COMMANDMENT

THIS IS MY BROTHER. By Louis Paul. Crown Publishers. \$2

FOUR captives watch from their prison window while a companion is most cruelly whipped and beaten for refusing to tell the Japanese officer what he wants to know about the American artillery. "We made ourselves look," their sergeant tells the victim when the terrible ordeal is over, "so in a way you wouldn't be taking it alone."

This is the spirit of Louis Paul's brief book of questioning about war, this spirit of brotherly love, of suffering and strength shared and forbearance shown, as the prisoners fight their own particular kind of delaying

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THIS BOOK is a semi-popular analysis of the shortcomings of capitalism, of the causes of the modern breakdown in the social and economic order, and of the possible trends in the future. The standpoint of the author is sociological rather than pure economic. The analysis is carried out, if not originally, at least thoughtfully and competently. The author rightly stresses that the shortcomings of capitalism are not something incidental and external to it, but inherent in its nature. Therefore, its breakdown is due not to a historical accident but has been generated by the forces of capitalism itself. In this way the author happily synthesizes the Marxian standpoint with that of the Papal encyclicals.

As to the way out of the present crisis, the author is semi-hopeful: if a profound religious revival occurs; if with it the family is reintegrated; if a deep ethical renaissance takes place; then a democratic re-organization of society along the lines of an ethical guild-socialism is possible. Otherwise, a form of totalitarianism is hardly avoidable.

One may disagree with some of the views of the author, but this does not hinder the book from constituting stimulating and thought-provoking reading for a large circle of intelligent readers.

PETER A. SOROKIN (Harvard University)
In *The American Sociological Review*

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action, with little hope of survival, and with no weapon but their united will.

The only articulate one of the five, Corporal Bill Hilton, keeps a written account of what he sees and thinks during these two weeks, expressed in a simple and moving style, with exquisitely balanced little sentences of seemingly effortless precision. He has no formal religion to call on in his last days; but if the author knows little of the greatest and the first commandment, he has come a long way with the second. In seeking and finding an answer to the question of why men die for an idea, he lives through a "beautiful adventure" of the spirit, from which he gains a new affection for his native land and for his comrades everywhere.

One of the most touching incidents is the death of the only Catholic in the group, the sergeant whose sweetness and sanity are a steady influence on the others. Unable to satisfy Marty's longing to hear the words of Extreme Unction said over him in Latin, Corporal Bill recites the best substitutes he can think of—some Latin lines from Virgil. The sergeant is not fooled, but he is comforted, as all relatives of soldiers should be comforted by reading *This Is My Brother*.

MARJORIE HOLLIGAN

THE CAPTAIN WEARS A CROSS. By Captain William Maguire, U.S.N. (Ch.C.). The Macmillan Co. \$2

IN these days most readers, when they pass a Naval Officer on the street and notice four gold stripes on his sleeves, know he ranks as a Captain. When they see a golden cross above the stripes, they may not be so sure that he is a Chaplain. This author is both, with more than a quarter of a century of Naval Chaplaincy to his credit.

In his previous autobiography, *Rig for Church*, Father Maguire recorded his Chaplain years up to Pearl Harbor's infamous Sunday. Now in his later book he carries on the details of his days afloat and ashore. The narrative cruises along leisurely, giving the interested reader glimpses of the gay and the drab incidents that crowd the waking hours of this veteran Padre.

This is the most illuminating book, dealing with the aftermath of Hawaii's horror, that has yet appeared. The anecdotes of the heroism of the wounded, the dead, the missing—all these flow easily from the author's Naval pen. The one amusing item connected with Pearl Harbor that we have seen is related in this book. That has to do with the sprint in world's-record time of a sailor around and around a locked laundry building, while a Jap with a twisted sense of humor and a machine-gun maneuvered his Zero like a scooter after that vanishing American. That particular gob proved he had greater maneuverability than the plane had.

While the social side of the life of a priest in the Navy is well told, this reviewer put down the book wishing that Chaplain Macguire had told us in more detail the spiritual duties that he undoubtedly was called upon to perform.

NEIL BOYTON

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE. By Arthur Koestler. The Macmillan Co. \$2

ALTHOUGH this book is forcefully written, adhering to all the literary technicalities, and has a most dramatic beginning and ending, yet its content is anything but appealing or worthwhile.

Peter Slavek had escaped from Nazi persecutors to a neutral city, "Neutralia," where he tried to enlist in the British Service. The usual red tape caused so much delay that he was on the verge of starvation when a woman doctor, Sonia Bolgar, a psychiatrist and an old friend of his mother, took him in and cared for him. Soon a very explicitly detailed illicit love affair with a girl named Odette engrossed him to such an extent that when she suddenly left for America he had a breakdown accompanied by partial paralysis. Dr. Bolgar finally restored him to health. By having him recount past experiences and incidents of his childhood, she came to the conclusion that he had a martyr complex. On this she blamed his espousal of the Communist cause, which had

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The truth of the matter is that Leonard Feeney is unique. No comparison can give you the picture. You must read and see for yourself.

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"Why should the devil have all the fun?" asks one reviewer in delighted appreciation of Father Feeney's humor. We doubt if any review of a Feeney book ever appeared without a sprinkling of phrases like "brilliantly witty dialogue", "expert gayety and therapeutic satire", "charm and brilliance and wit," "if you think it wicked to laugh, if you don't believe in enjoying your religion, then don't read this book", "his laughter is as light as his faith is deep."

But no one ever enjoyed a joke by being told how funny it was, and you will know nothing of Father Feeney's humor till you experience it for yourself.

IT'S CATHOLIC

Good literature and good fun make a happy and all too rare combination. But when a delicate literary style and a whimsical sense of humor join in exposition of such Catholic things as Fish on Friday, The Blessed Sacrament, The Blessed Trinity or the metaphysics of Chesterton, you have something very rare indeed; you have something that made the English Dominican *Blackfriars*, not at all given to superlatives, say this about a Feeney book: ". . . not only an amazing, but a delightful and valuable volume, a perfect bedside book."

Whether Father Feeney is explaining the Eucharist to an eight-year-old or telling you about his barber or his altar-boy, he is showing you the Catholic faith in all its warm humanity and in all its simple truth.

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resulted in the horrifying, gruesomely related persecutions he had undergone at the hands of the Nazis.

After regaining his health, he obtained permission to leave for America to rejoin Odette but, just as the boat was about to sail, he got off and rushed to the British Consulate to offer his services again as an aviator. He had happened to remember that the disfigured young ex-airman employed at the Embassy had regretted that he would never again be able to fly. The martyr complex had reasserted itself. Later, in a letter to Odette, he stated that he had no illusions about a cause now, but that he believed a new god was about to be born, with a new cult, but it would be after their time.

Arrival and Departure is being ballyhooed as the greatest war book of the year, but it is a nightmare; it is a hodge-podge of propaganda, psychoanalysis, isms, sacrilegious quips, fantastic philosophy and immorality.

ANGELA C. O'HARA

WHITE FIRE. By E. J. Edwards, S.V.D. The Bruce Publishing Co. \$2.75

ONE often feels at a loss in discussing a remarkable book, afraid that he will not do it justice. So this reader feels about *White Fire*, a profoundly moving story of life in a small leper colony in a corner of the Philippines.

Without a shred of sentimentality, the author opens this world to the reader, showing the hideously distorted bodies and some rare souls whose beauty is almost dazzling. It is such a beautiful and integrated story that one almost dreads to take it apart for critical purposes. Yet it is so well put together that, unlike most current novels, it can well stand up to searching critical standards.

White Fire belongs in the traditional field of dramatic fiction. The characters change as their lives cross one another and finally center in the radiant little girl, Dolores, one of the youngest of the tragic outcasts. The author has used Grace as the motivating force for these deep changes in character, and this motivation has enabled him to create the illusion of time very effectively for the reader. The dialog flows with complete ease. The conversations between the priest and Sister Agnes, which are on a profound spiritual plane, seem as natural as the humorous conversations between big-hearted Dan Hague and his chauffeur.

White Fire, in this reader's opinion, is a truly beautiful story.

MARY TOOMEY

A PROFESSOR AT LARGE. By Stephen Duggan. The Macmillan Co. \$3.50

LONG before Wendell Willkie made his epochal tour of the United Nations and based on it his best-selling plea for world unity, the Institute of International Education, practically convinced of the same thesis, was patiently striving to realize it by means of exchange scholarships between universities of the various countries. The man behind the scheme from the beginning, and the efficient Director of the Institute since its foundation in 1919, Dr. Stephen Duggan, has drawn on his records and reminiscences to tell the story of his educational missions in many lands, and incidentally to expose and defend his ideals for American leadership in the postwar world.

A book that covers so much ground both in geography and opinion is bound to challenge the criticism of people who do not share the author's optimistic internationalism, or his particular national prejudices; yet the careful reader will get the impression that the professor is quite conscious of most of those prejudices, and willing and able to defend them.

Catholic readers cannot share some of Dr. Duggan's boasted largeness of view. They will see no incompatibility, for instance, in holding both the brotherhood of men and the paramount excellence of the one true revealed religion. Nor will they admit that the parochial school system exercises "a divisive influence" on our national life. On these points experience is more conclusive than *a priori* reasoning. But with these and a few

similar reservations, everyone can relish the sweep and gusto of the Professor's excursions into cultural world history. He is not a great raconteur in the tradition of other reminiscing Ambassadors like Jusserand and Maurice Francis Egan, but he brightens his pages with fresh personal impressions of international celebrities, and he is often surprisingly frank in his evaluation of their work and their characters. Indeed, the most persistent impression left by the book is the single-minded sincerity of the writer in his chosen life mission of spreading the American ideal of equal rights and equal opportunities, to be achieved through education, as the basis for a better and more united world community.

The pity is, as reflection reminds us more particularly in reading the chapters on hemisphere solidarity, that the ideal must perforce remain unrealized as long as the education which is to inspire and implement it maintains its neutral, or so-called "liberal" attitude towards God, religion and a universal moral law.

ANDREW C. SMITH

ALWAYS READY. *The Story of the United States Coast Guard.* By Kensil Bell. Dodd, Mead and Co. \$3

IT would be difficult for an officer of the U. S. Coast Guard Reserve to look upon this book with other than favor. Other Government agencies, the Army, the Navy, virtually all have had their histories published—all except the service founded in 1790 by Alexander Hamilton and known today as the Coast Guard. The name itself obscures the extent of the service's activities, for the service is essentially a sea-going outfit and is not bound, as the name implies, to American shores. Mr. Bell has gone through official records and personal documents to present a picture of the true Coast Guard, and for that every man of the Shield should be grateful. There are flaws in the work, but to discuss them would be scholastic rather than practical. Mr. Bell has sunk the first spade in a field that should richly reward all who care to dig in his garden.

Rather than attempt a critical appreciation of the book, this reviewer recommends it without reservation to those who would like to know what Coast Guardsmen were doing on the beaches of Guadalcanal, Africa and Sicily, and the long tradition of duty that brought them there.

Lt. R. W. DALY, U.S.C.G.R.

HER GLIMMERING TAPERS. By Louis J. Stancourt. The Macmillan Co. \$2

"I AM standing on the parapet of our beleaguered Faith as a correspondent reporting the war on the interior front. . . ." This young Brooklyn author who writes under the pseudonym of Stancourt does a pretty good job of reporting his "Special to the Man-in-the-Street." He is no cloud-land dreamer; his last pages were written in an infantry unit's latrine at midnight, "the only place where a dim light is permitted."

In 1937 his *A Flower for Sign* told the story of his spiritual wanderings out of and then back to the Catholic Church. Highly imaginative and deeply, practically spiritual, in *Her Glimmering Tapers* he views the Church as in a state of siege amid the rubble-strewn countries of the earth. Then he issues an all-out call to arms which brings both reader and author through the blackout to the dawn and high hopes of Mary, the Queen, whose glimmering tapers still shine and beckon her suffering and bewildered children.

To make with Stancourt the nine-day Retreat he describes is an experience that should bring many "deep into the arms of Christ."

JOHN E. GURR

THE MOTHERS. By Vardis Fisher. The Vanguard Press. \$2.50

THE subtitle of this book, "An American Saga of Courage," is an accurate description of a terrible story. The background of the tale is the expedition of the Donner party, one of the wagon trains of early settlers, migrating to California and caught in the Sierra mountains by an unusually early and severe winter. The characters are numerous and confusing, the beginning and the

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end of the journey equally obscure, but the high courage and self-sacrifice of the mothers in the party are almost beyond belief. Their day-by-day appalling struggle against slow and inexorable starvation gives the reader a mounting sense of horror unequaled in modern fiction.

As Mr. Fisher says, they would and did sacrifice their neighbors, their husbands and themselves that their children might live, and the fact that any of the party survived that terrible winter is due entirely to their determination, which functioned by instinct long after mind and will were dulled by weeks of hunger.

The author has shown no inclination to idealize his characters, as so often happens when the perspective of years is a long one. He has presented them as human beings, good and bad, weak and strong, a mixture of faults and virtues. The outstanding heroes of the expedition are Charles Stanton and William Eddy, but even their endurance and unselfish heroism pale beside the flame that burns in each and all of the mothers. The great tragedy of the story is that so few of the children, on whose survival such superhuman effort was put forth, did live; and the irony of it is that the one man who did nothing for anyone, even his own children, also survived. Mr. Fisher has given us a historical tribute to all the pioneer mothers of America who expended themselves to the utmost that a country might be built and a nation endure.

ELIZABETH M. JOYCE

CHRISTIANITY AND THE CONTEMPORARY SCENE. Edited by Randolph Crump Miller and Henry H. Shires. Morehouse-Gorham Co. \$3

OF late, theology outside the Catholic Church has become increasingly self-conscious. It is reflecting on its history, discerning the direction of its own movement, analyzing the influences that have shaped it, criticizing its old assumptions, re-estimating the value of much that it has neglected. This work has been done in a number of books, written from divergent standpoints. It is carried forward in the present volume, which contains fifteen essays on a broad variety of theological and pastoral subjects, done by scholars connected with the Church Divinity School of the Pacific.

The book helps to point again the fact, already very clear, that non-Catholic thinking is focused on a definite set of problems: the Church and its unity, the centrality of Christ, the nature of man and the implications of his sinfulness, the transcendence of God and His relation to the historical process, the role of the Church in the temporal order and, perhaps above all, the concept of revelation (though this book happens to contain no treatment of the last-named problem).

The contributions are uniformly of a high order and, generally speaking, all represent what is called "the central tradition" (central between liberalism and the neo-orthodoxy), which is perhaps particularly strong in Episcopalian circles. The essay by Professor John C. Bennett, "The Hardest Problem of Christian Ethics," should be signalized; it is a sane and honest confrontation of the problems put to the Christian conscience by the present war. Interesting, too, is the fact that Professor Everett Bosshard writes his "Christian Analysis of Western Political Philosophy" from "the point of view of Jacques Maritain and Christopher Dawson" (p. 147). In general, the Catholic theologian would find the book informative and useful in giving to his teaching a contemporary point.

JOHN COURTNEY MURRAY

PIERRE COURTINES is assistant professor of Romance languages at Queen's College.

JOSEPH S. DUHAMEL is professor of Moral Theology at Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md.

NEIL BOYTON, author and specialist in boys' organizations, is stationed at Saint Ignatius' Church, New York City.

THEATRE

LISTEN, PROFESSOR. The professor doesn't listen very much. He talks pretty steadily during the three acts and six scenes of Alexander Afinogenov's play, which Milton Baron has produced at the Forrest Theatre with the encouragement and support of Jean Muir and Toni Ward. But as Dudley Digges does the talking, and as he is the star of the play and incidentally is very popular with New York audiences, few spectators are complaining. There is a general feeling, however, that the play (adapted by Peggy Phillips), is not big enough for Mr. Digges.

Let me testify at once that what there is of it is acted to perfection by the company, that it is directed with his usual fine insight by Sanford Meisner, and that Howard Bay's set is capital. Also that the name of Mr. Digges' leading lady, Viola Frayne, is on the program in nice black letters only a couple of sizes smaller than the type used for his name. She has but two short scenes, and those are in the last act; but she could have done justice to a better part.

Having mentioned these details, we can pass on lightly to the play itself.

Its action takes place in Moscow in 1936 and its plot is alluring as far as it goes. It doesn't go very far, and it makes a good many detours on its little journey. The professor is a testy old curmudgeon, lost to present-day life through his interest in early centuries. He is appalled in the first act by the unexpected arrival in his home of his fifteen-year-old granddaughter, Masha. Her mother, widow of his only son, and living in another part of Russia, has suddenly remarried and sent Masha to Grandpa with a note briefly stating the facts. Grandpa doesn't want her, and he plainly shows it.

The part of the girl waif, thus injected into the bleak home where the self-centered professor lives with an aged servant who looks after his simple needs, is charmingly played by Susan Robinson. She is clearly another of those youngsters on the highway to stage fame.

She makes friends among the boys and girls in her new school, and of course she eventually wins the heart of the old professor. The mother soon regrets her exile of the girl, gets rid of her new husband, and tries to reclaim Masha. But by this time the professor is so fond of Masha that he even adds her mother to his menage to keep the granddaughter with him—a plan no spectator would approve, after seeing mother and professor together.

However, the final curtain goes down on a happy ending. The professor has even met and succumbed to the charms of Masha's schoolmates. They are all nice young things with a serious view of life. They are interested in the new youth movement and they draw the professor into it. In fact, one lad of thirteen is ready to instruct him on all occasions.

Another friend of the professor—a young engineer, played with much dash and spirit by Martin Blaine—furnishes the love interest of the comedy. He succumbs to the charm of Masha's music teacher (Frances Reid). She, too, is an extremely engaging young person. In fact, the charm of the members of the cast, and their admirable acting, almost create the illusion that *Listen Professor* is a real play. It is not, actually, though at moments the illusion is strong. It's merely a gathering of extremely nice stage people in a play by an author who has not given them enough to do.

HAIL AND FAREWELL. Three recent plays have bidden us brisk farewells. *Feathers in a Gale* closed Christmas night, after a weeks' run. *Pillar to Post* followed it a week later, and *Another Love Story* is scheduled to depart on January eighth. All three plays had good points, but not enough of them. ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

A GUY NAMED JOE. Reporting that fantasy has been interestingly injected into a story of the Air Force may sound a bit far-fetched, but that is just what has been accomplished in this unusual record of a daredevil bomber pilot who lives for half of the offering and spends the remaining period as a ghostly guardian to other flyers. The idea is fantastic, sentimentally moving at times, and packed with dramatic possibilities. The pity of the thing is that it has been manhandled along the way. Unfortunately, the finale does not leave the onlooker as satisfied or as intrigued as the earlier sequences promised. Spencer Tracy turns in his usual perfect performance as Peter, the cocky pilot who considers himself above orders during his life, only to be cast in the shadowy hereafter as a sort of guide and adviser to novice flyers who are as sure of themselves as he once was. Irene Dunne is charming as the ferry-pilot who alone interested Pete. Their romance is as amazing as the novel plot. Exciting air shots of maneuvers and combat have been cut into the story. *Adults* are almost sure to find this diverting, though most of them will feel it does not live up to its early interest. (MGM)

THE LODGER. For those cinemagoers who enjoy nothing better than a breathless, terrifying, tense session at the theatre, this is grand entertainment. Though the story will be familiar to many, it is so crammed full of suspense and capable acting that every second pulsates with excitement and a fascinating kind of horror. The plot evolves around the deeds of a London Jack-the-Ripper whose mania leads him to slash the throats of actresses. How evidence against the suspected lodger piles up, and the manner in which the police close in on him, is dramatically unfolded. George Sanders, Merle Oberon and Laird Cregar have the leading roles and give outstanding characterizations. *Adults* who crave the best in artistic chillers have a treat in store for them when they witness this one. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

HIGHER AND HIGHER. As if the presence of Swoon-dom's king, Frank Sinatra, was not enough to pack the theatres, RKO-Radio has devised a production that is pleasantly entertaining, put in a cast that includes such favorites as Michele Morgan, Jack Haley, Leon Errol, Marcy McGuire and Victor Borge, and generously dotted the whole with tuneful songs. When a millionaire learns that he is about to go into bankruptcy, his household servants form a corporation with plans to marry the pretty scullery maid to a man of wealth. Singing, dancing and gaiety mark the progress of the venture. The crooner's appeal will probably be just about what it is off celluloid, though it must be agreed that he has been treated very kindly in his first screen role. Sinatra addicts will have ample chance to swoon, since he has the lion's share of singing in the piece. A mature audience is offered a variety of amusement here and will not find it hard to take. (RKO-Radio)

MOONLIGHT IN VERMONT. This inconsequential musical presents appealing little Gloria Jean in the too-familiar story about a country girl who finally wows the big city. An attempt to bring the yarn up to date may be detected through the introduction of the farm-labor shortage. When Gloria Jean is forced to return to her Vermont farm after a successful start in a New York dramatic school, the action shifts to a rural setting. The younger set may find an abundance of slang more intelligible than older audiences, but all the *family* will probably describe the offering as mediocre. (Universal)

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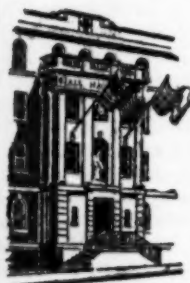
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PARADE

A PREVIEW of life in the twenty-first century was recently given by a technological expert. . . . This pre-
view radiates the general idea that everybody and every-
thing will be just about perfect in the century just
ahead. . . . Men will be six feet, three inches tall. . . .
There will not be any fat people, nor gray hairs nor
bald heads. . . . Barring accidents, each person will live
to be one-hundred-and-twenty-five years old. . . . All this
is to be brought about by advances in the medical,
chemical and dietary sciences. . . . Not only the people,
but also the homes they inhabit will be marvelous. . . .
These homes will be equipped with unbreakable glass
plumbing, so tough that even plumbers will not be able
to shatter it. . . . There will be filters in each home to
transform street noises into music inside the house. . . .
These filters will presumably possess the power of
changing the outside noises into the type of music de-
sired by the folks in the interiors. Just what will become
of orchestras is not clear. They may perhaps still be in
demand in quiet neighborhoods. . . . There will be no
anti-noise campaigns, since noises will constitute the
raw material for uplifting harmonies. . . . The horrible
sounds made by giant trucks will enter some homes in
the form of enchanting symphonies, and other homes in
the form of popular songs or lullabies for the children.
. . . . Noisy neighborhoods will doubtless be the most
popular in the twenty-first century. People will want to
have their homes as close to railroads and other noisy
activity as possible. . . . It is not inconceivable that cities
may charge for the street noises as a means of paying
off the taxes passed on to them by us twentieth-century
folk.

The twenty-first century refrigerators are going to do
about everything except make the meat, eggs and other
groceries. . . . These refrigerators, incidentally, will be
swathed in beautiful murals. . . . A great many of the
meats and groceries, another preview tells us, will be
synthetic, so many, in fact, that if a grown-up of today
should, somehow or other, manage to get resurrected
and to wander into a twenty-first-century grocery store
or butcher shop he would not know what half the food-
stuffs on display were. . . . People swarming around the
counters would be amazed at the ignorance shown by
his inquiries and think that Rip Van Winkle had popped
up again. . . . In the twenty-first, the lady of the house
who desires to have the rooms of her home redecorated
will merely have to press a button, and the thing will
be done. . . . Thus, persons who in this century are
inclined to become paper-hangers or house-painters will
in the next century be working at something else, prob-
ably at button-making, for it appears that the demand
for buttons will be enormous. . . . Pushing buttons will
constitute the sole manual labor of the housewife. . . . A
jab by her at a button and the dishes will be washed
and wiped. . . . Another jab at another button, and the
floor will be swept or the furniture dusted off, or the
clothes washed and put on the line. Another button will
put them in place on the closet shelves.

Many recent previews of the future have one common
characteristic—a tendency to interpret human life in a
purely materialistic fashion. . . . Better refrigerators and
better gadgets around the home are going to mean bet-
ter people. . . . Taller men will be more perfect men. . . .
It all seems to confirm the saying: "History teaches
that men learn nothing from history." . . . History has
been teaching for centuries that material advances un-
accompanied by spiritual progress spell disaster. . . .
Indeed, history is giving a very emphatic worldwide
lesson in that connection at this very moment.

JOHN A. TOOMEY

CORRESPONDENCE

GREATEST GIFT

EDITOR: I offer my thanks to you and to all the Editors and contributors for providing such a superabundance of good Christmas reading in the issue for December 25. So much of it I wanted to share with friends who are not subscribers to AMERICA (I wish they were!). So I have been spending this dogwatch (4 to 8 A. M.) on an observation-tower on a lonely, windy hill-top clipping my copy.

The editorial on Christmas I am sending to a non-Catholic relative. The articles on Christmas family customs in other countries go to a woman of seventy who is one of the loveliest Catholic mothers I know. *The Word* goes to a friend who doesn't go to Mass regularly. I'm hoping Father Delaney's message of peace will bring him to the Holy Sacrifice each Sunday. And there is something for him, too, in Father Parsons' *Washington Fable*.

But Father Gardiner's *This Christmas Poetry* and the poems "Expectancy" and "Christmas Card: 1943" are for my Christmas scrap-book. The lovely cover is thumb-tacked above my army cot.

Of all the many things that arrived to make my Christmas happy, the Christmas issue of AMERICA was the greatest gift. And these hours between the Midnight Mass and the 9:00 A. M. Mass that I shall go to presently have been made happy by sharing the thought and labor of the Editors and contributors of AMERICA with others.

Red Hook, N. Y.

A PRIVATE

THOMISTIC DEMOCRACY

EDITOR: I have read the article, *Idea of Democracy in Saint Thomas* (AMERICA, December 11), with great interest. I had had in mind to write an article on this same topic after receiving word from a friend of mine disagreeing with me. I wrote, in the article on the Roman Question (*Review of Politics*, Notre Dame, October, 1943), the following passage:

Yesterday many Catholics, supporting their argument by Saint Thomas (according to my idea, without understanding his mind), saw social perfection in monarchy.

I am glad, now, to suggest to critics that they read Mr. Mulligan's article, published so opportunely by AMERICA.

At one point in Mr. Mulligan's article, I must make a remark—where he says: "Very likely the sporadic and chaotic attempts of medieval Italian cities at parliamentary government left him with a distaste for formal democracy."

Mr. Mulligan seems to think, for one point, that parliamentary government in the Middle Ages represented democracy. This is not a fact—either of the parliamentary government in England (the coeval parliament established in England before the Magna Carta of King John) or in Sicily or in other European kingdoms, as in Hungary and Aragon. Those were more or less feudal assemblies. On the other hand, the Italian medieval cities had a period of real popular democracy (I give this name to their assemblies of the people) even long before Saint Thomas.

It is sufficient to remember the "Ambrosian" republic of Milan, the semi-aristocratic republic of Venice, the democratic republic of Genoa, the popular government of Florence—before it turned factional—as it was sung by Dante, putting the words in the mouth of Cacciaguida, who died as a crusader in 1149.

Who, after all, does not recall the popular assemblies of the North Italian cities during the first Lombard League, when Milan was ruined (as cities are ruined today—or even worse), but Frederick the Redbeard was defeated at Legnano and obliged to reconcile himself with the Pope?

I hope that Catholic historians and philosophers (as history is necessary for a right understanding of philosophy) will study the Italian and Christian medieval renaissance, also from political and social points of view, because its municipal democracy with the slogan of "People and Liberty" was, in some ways, better and more interesting than the celebrated democracy of ancient Athens.

Jacksonville, Fla.

LUIGI STURZO

EDITOR: R. W. Mulligan is to be commended for his article on Thomistic Democracy. It is more and more clearly recognized today that the fundamental principles of just government were well understood and distinctly enunciated in the Middle Ages, and those who contribute to that recognition perform a real service. Such articles as Mr. Mulligan's, showing that the principles of popular sovereignty and government for the common good were stated and defended by Saint Thomas, undoubtedly help to dispel many misconceptions about medieval political theory.

To avoid falling into the error of proving too much, however, it is well to distinguish clearly between just government as such and democracy. Democracy is but one of the just forms of government, and it is possible to have a government that will be just and founded on the principles laid down by Saint Thomas, but which could hardly be called democratic. This may in fact be the sort of government Thomas had in mind. It is the opinion of Prof. McIlwain of Harvard that, despite the passage (which Mr. Mulligan cited) in which Thomas proposes a "mixed" form of government as the best, his matured preference was for a simple elective monarchy as the form of government which was best suited to his own times.

Further, certain egalitarian views are commonly associated today with the notion of democracy, so that to characterize a man's teaching as "democratic" may give the impression that he shared these views. I doubt very much whether Saint Thomas was democratic in this sense. He did, it is true, assert the fundamental equality of all men in the possession of reason. But he was also keenly aware of the differences between man and man, and followed Aristotle in believing that there exists a natural aristocracy characterized by intelligence and virtue.

He would concede to the people the right to choose their rulers from among this aristocracy, but I doubt that he would go much farther than that. And again, just who were "the people," or—as Thomas would put it—"the multitude"? It cannot be assumed that in the Middle Ages "the people" in the political sense meant the whole population.

In claiming Saint Thomas' support for democracy, then, certain reservations must be made. Nevertheless, it remains true that he established on a firm philosophic basis the principles upon which democracy, like any other just form of government, must be built. He did insist that government of the people must be for the people and with their consent. Whether it must also be by the people may be, in comparison, merely a minor point.

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THE WORD

CHRIST must have loved family life. He spent most of His thirty-three years on earth living in one little family. Of all people ever born, He loved best His own Mother, and He raised her, the home-maker of Nazareth, to the very highest of places in heaven. Very close to her, He has placed that other dearly-beloved, His foster-father and husband of our Lady, Saint Joseph, and He has seen to it that alone of all the Saints, Saint Joseph, the husband, should be named patron of the Universal Church.

In Our Lady He loves in a special way every wife and mother of this modern world, and in Saint Joseph every husband and father who is trying to build his own home after the pattern of Nazareth. To husbands and wives He offers as models and patrons no lesser Saints, but the two greatest personages of the heavenly court: Our Lady, the Housewife, and Saint Joseph, the Husband.

They are first and foremost home Saints, the two of them, family Saints, who did no more glamorous things than the daily doings of every husband and wife, but in the doing of them they achieved the highest of sanctity. Our Lady washed dishes and scrubbed floors and cooked meals. She mended clothes. She cared for her home proudly and strove to make it a beautiful thing. She kept herself lovely for Saint Joseph and in so doing she left a message for every modern woman that there is no grander, no more thrilling, no more sublime thing a woman can do than be a wife, a mother, a home-maker in her image.

She devoted herself with all her heart and soul to the bringing up of her Boy. In so doing she tells every modern mother that her task, too, is to raise the perfect Christ in her children, to mold them in heart and mind after the fashion of Christ, to make them, as far as may be, other Christs. Artists may work on stone and canvas, she tells modern mothers, to bring forth lifeless images, but mothers and fathers work on flesh and blood to bring forth the living image of Christ.

Joseph worked in his carpenter shop to supply the bread and the wine and all things necessary for the home. He was at all times the husband, the family man. He shared with Mary the responsibility of home-making. In so doing he sanctified himself and the home. In so doing he tells every Catholic father today that his greatest and most lasting accomplishment is not his business, not his financial success, not his leadership in club and society, but his success in making his home a real home, in giving generously of his time and talent and energy to the making of a family that will be like the Family of Nazareth, a peaceful, holy family.

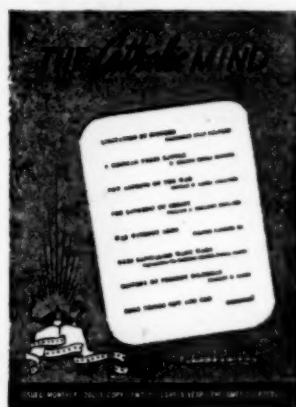
Mary and Joseph loved each other with a great love, a love that embraced respect and exquisite courtesy, a love that meant sacrifice, giving, sharing, thoughtfulness, kindness, a love that made each one's first concern the happiness of the other. Christ, the Child, sanctified that love, as He sanctifies all married love. He makes it holy, makes it fruitful as no other love between human beings is made holy. He made of marriage a Sacrament, so that the very union of two people in married love should be a means of increasing the Divine life within them, a means of mutual holiness. He made it a Sacrament so that He Himself could guarantee them all the grace and strength necessary to keep their love a beautiful thing, a fruitful thing; so that He Himself could guarantee (and think deeply on this) that nothing, absolutely nothing could arise in their lives to spoil the joy and peace that He promises on the wedding day.

Today on this Feast of the Holy Family, Christ and Mary and Joseph unite in telling all Catholic mothers and fathers that theirs is a sublime vocation, a holy calling to a holy life, a hard yet romantic living—and all-important for the future of our Church and our country.

J. P. D.

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THOUGHT

Fordham University Quarterly

VOLUME XVIII DECEMBER, 1943 NUMBER 71

Liberal Education and American Democracy.....W. J. McGucken
Postwar Law Schools.....Walter B. Kennedy
Wanted: A Pacific Charter.....Taraknath Das

THE DIALECTIC OF DEFEAT, by EUGENE BAGGER, author of *For the Heathen Are Wrong*, is a penetrating critique of several recent attempts to interpret the Fall of France in 1940. Did the heirs of St. Louis betray the ideals of the Revolution? Or were the dechristianized conceptions of Liberty (without free will), Equality (without sonship in Christ), Fraternity (without supernatural charity) finally weighed in the balance and found wanting?

AMERICAN FEDERALISM AND EUROPEAN PEACE, by MOORHOUSE F. X. MILLAR, S.J., suggests that the best medicine for the wounds of Europe would be an application of the methods that brought our own more perfect Union into being.

COSMOGONY AND KNOWLEDGE: ST. THOMAS AND PLATO, by ANTON C. PEGIS, Ph.D., author of *St. Thomas and the Greeks*, etc., finds in St. Thomas' criticism of certain confusions in Plato's thought the most fundamental and perennial of all attacks on Idealism.

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